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MR. DOOLEY—*His Opinions on the Dreyfus Trial*

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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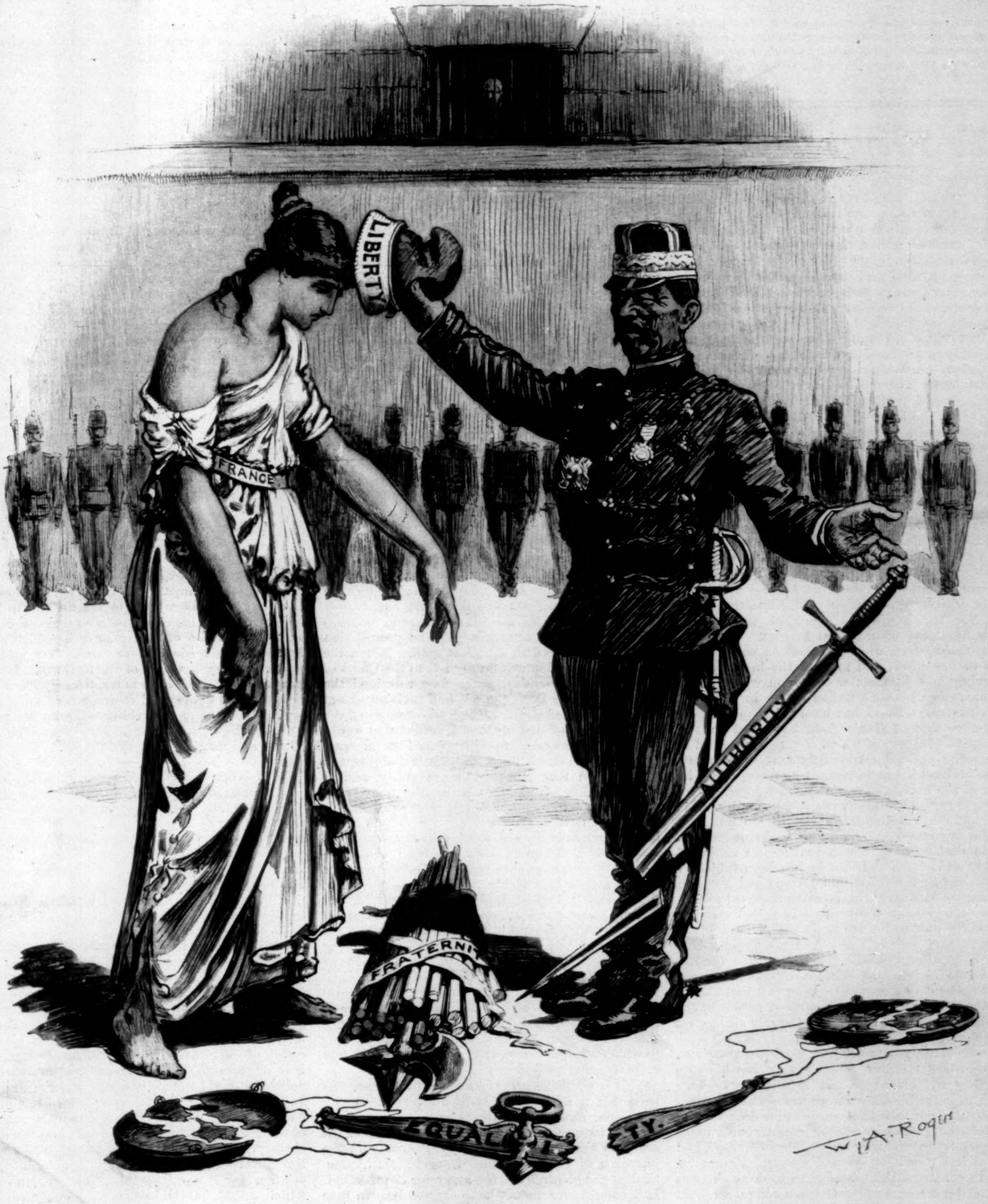
LIBERTY
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EQUAL I TY
W. A. Rogers

A SECOND DEGRADATION.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899

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The Dewey Number *of* Harper's Weekly, *out September 27, will consist of fifty-six pages, with an illuminated cover, and will contain three double-page illustrations, including the finest portrait of the Admiral yet made, a biographical sketch of his life copiously illustrated, and will be filled with pictorial and literary material of superlative timely interest.*

The French Monster

THE Dreyfus case demonstrates that in France the army is the supreme power. Dreyfus himself is the great martyr of the nineteenth century. Even if he had been proved guilty, the punishment that was inflicted upon him by the order of the government, including physical and mental torture, was such as no other power now called civilized would have dreamed of imposing. In this respect France has taken her place among the barbarous nations. But Dreyfus is innocent. No proof of guilt whatever has been produced against him. His accusers and judges knew that they had not the right to convict him. The former confessed by resorting to forgery and perjury to sustain their first condemnation; the latter—those at Rennes—confessed by finding an illogical, self-contradictory, and cowardly judgment, for there can be no circumstances that mitigate treason, and no mercy for a proved traitor would ever be recommended by a military tribunal. Dreyfus has suffered his terrible martyrdom not because he has been guilty of selling to foreign powers revelations of the country's defences, but because the infallibility and supremacy of the army had to be maintained. His sufferings have appealed to the whole world. The French, who are protesting against the adverse and even hostile criticisms of foreigners, are ignoring a divine law which governs mankind, and which makes humanity of universal interest. This outbreak of barbarism in the nineteenth century appeals to the minds and touches the hearts of an observing and humane world, upon whose final judgment depends each nation's place in the scale of civilization. There has been no such martyrdom since that of Calas, brutally killed in the eighteenth century, of which Voltaire succeeded in securing judicial acknowledgment, after many years of hard struggle against the prejudices in favor of the inviolability of the *chose jugée*.

Dreyfus is an unimportant personality, it is true, but the world-wide interest in the unhappy *affaire* is centred mainly on his sufferings on the Île du Diable, the discovery that he is a victim of perfidy and crime, and that he has been subjected to tortures such as Christian Europe and America had supposed to be at this late day confined to Oriental and despotic countries, but which may be looked for now in France as well as in Turkey and Spain. And yet in most respects France is a nation of highly intelligent, industrious, kindly, charitable Christians. What is it that has brought her to permit this cruelty? Why is it that she is, for the moment, the most disgraced nation of the nineteenth century, the scorn of nearly all the rest of the world?

There is only one answer to these questions. The military monster which France has built up is guilty of this crime. It is this army—born of an unholy thirst for vengeance—which has absorbed the youth into its ranks and drawn them out of the industries of the country, has made disarmament practically impossible in Europe, and has at last struck at law and justice. France began to construct this monster as soon as she was free of the presence of her German conqueror. At first there was some Radical opposition manifested, in the Chamber of Deputies, to the prevailing military programme. But for the last twenty years there has been practical unanimity. All parties and all classes have agreed that the army should be not only the strong arm of the government, as great and as strong as the army of any other power, but that it should be the principal and dominating power in the state. It has absorbed about one-fifth of the revenues of the government, and it demands the services of all the men of the country between the ages of twenty and forty-five. About one-quarter of the men of France are liable to military duty, and about one-eighth are available. This great machine has not only taken the youth from the fields and shops, but it has been the object of the patriotic love of the people, who have willingly made their sacrifices that their military establishment might grow to be the finest and most effective body in Europe, ready to carry the flag back to Strasburg and Metz, or to keep the soil of the father-land forever free from desecration by the foreign invader. In time this monster has come to represent France, so that we have the strange inconsistency of military control over a republic where, in most essential respects, liberty and law reign, where the power is in the people, and where there is self-government at least in law-making. It is true, of course, that there is no inconsistency in military rule in a republic so long as the army itself, and as a military body, is alone subject to it. But in France this arbitrary power, greatly exceeding the power which the German Emperor exercises over his civilian subjects, is now felt by the whole political body. It is the army which has the preference on all occasions when it comes into conflict with the civil power. It is more exacting than any ruler in Europe except the Tsar and the Sultan. The Kaiser must humble himself when he thinks of his own failures in the German and Prussian legislatures, and compares himself with the high-handed neighboring military hierarchy, which has only to nod and a whole people, with their President, their parliament, and their courts of justice, lie prostrate in the uniformed armed presence which has been created for their protection, and for the gratification of their hopes of revenge. It is *lèse-militaire* to question the demands of the army or to doubt its honor, even when that honor has been covered with the slime of the perjury of its own champions.

The Dreyfus case has revealed the shocking hollowness of this pretence of honor, and has made clear the exact claims of the army in the political organization of France. It claims absolute irresponsibility. In other words, it insists that it is the ultimate power—the power from which there is no appeal. It stands towards France as the Tsar does towards Russia, as the Commons towards Great Britain, or as the people towards the United States. When the demand for revision became strong enough to compel attention, the generals denied the right of any power to question the judgment of honorable officers. It was the claim asserted by the judges more than a century before in the case of Calas, when Voltaire urged and proved that they had murdered an innocent man. When the question of revision was finally left to the Court of Cassation, the generals threatened a revolution if the finding were for Dreyfus. When revision was at last ordered, the inferior officers who composed the court, and who dared not find a verdict that would convict those generals of perjury, defied the Supreme Court and violated the law. Their judgment is a confession that Dreyfus is not guilty, and at the same time is an assertion that the army is superior to the law and the civil power. Generals Mercier, Roget, Gonse, and the others have been proved to be guilty of crimes against the state, and Mercier at least has been shown to be guilty of an offence against the written law which makes him liable to imprisonment. But these must be acquitted, and the innocent, having already been punished and tortured, must again undergo imprisonment to save the supremacy of the army. Its chiefs may commit any crime, and the civil power may not prevent or punish them if they deem that such punishment will disturb the discipline of the army. So the republic exists to maintain an armed force that does all in its power to overthrow its fundamental institution—the theory that a democracy governs itself by means of laws to which all—governors and governed, soldiers and civilians—are subject.

This is what the army has done for France. At least this is what the present military hierarchy has done, and the great majority of the people have so long schooled themselves to look upon the army as the great ornament of France and the guardian of its liberty and integrity that, practically, the hierarchy is the army for the moment. If it should ever undertake to express its own base ingratitude to the people who have given it its life, by a revolt against the republic, it would discover, perhaps, that the rank and file cannot be depended on to follow the generals to the end; for notwithstanding the shameful silence that followed the verdict, the significance of their monster is beginning to dawn upon intelligent Frenchmen, and notably on intelligent French women. The meaning of the Dreyfus case will be discovered some day even in Brittany, and the republic will realize with horror that instead of being truly a self-governing people with rights, and with courts to protect them, the French are the helpless subjects of a militarism the most brutal and cynical that the world has ever known.

COMPTROLLER COLER has raised a very interesting question touching the pecuniary relations of the municipality with private charitable institutions. The city of New York contributes to the support of 236 private charitable corporations. The amount of money thus expended is very large, being $3,131,580, as against $2,334,456 expended by the Departments of Correction and Charities for the care of both prisoners and paupers. Mr. Coler, who is just now winning a good deal of praise for himself as an intelligent public servant, has made as thorough an examination of these private charities as possible. We say that his investigation has been as thorough as possible, because some of the institutions do not, and some will not, make reports. However, Mr. Coler has found that there is a waste of money, and that the city is either overreached or carelessly extravagant. The money is given to these institutions in lump sums, and while some institutions could possibly spend more than their receipts to advantage, some make a profit without counting the city's aid, others use the public moneys for the payment of old debts, and one institution is reported to have curtailed its charitable work while, with the aid of the city money, it was accumulating a building fund. Mr. Coler proposes that the private institutions should receive aid according to the work done by them, and he has the hearty support of the managers of some of the largest and most effective charities in the city. Private charities are, we believe, admitted to be essential. The private orphan asylum, for example, is without doubt a far better place for children than the public asylum, and there is no intention in the proposed change to deprive private charities of public moneys. They are essential parts of the public system. The only purpose is, strangely, somewhat novel. It is to spend the public moneys in a businesslike manner, and to help private institutions according to their deserts.

WE are quite sure that the movement looking to the calling of an extra session of the New York Legislature, for the purpose of legislating Mayor Van Wyck out of office, does not have the sympathy of Governor Roosevelt, or of any one who wishes to see an end to Tammany rule in this city, and who has an intelligent appreciation of the manner in which public sentiment is made and unmade. Tammany is now at a very low ebb of its fortunes. It is in power, but it is mightily and rationally afraid that it is in great danger. Nothing would do more to revive its hopes and its chances than a law passed by the Republican Legislature removing Van Wyck and making a martyr of him.

THE City Club of New York, through Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, its president, has asked Mr. Mazet not to drop "the investigation of the important subject of the assessment of candidates for the judicial offices by party organizations." Mr. Peckham rightly considers this subject not only as most important, but he adds that "no branch of the investigation which your committee has taken up seems to promise more immediate and definite results to the cause of good government than this." We are glad to see that Mr. Mazet has returned a favorable reply to this letter; but it is clear that unless the attention of the committee is confined—for the present, at least—to this branch, nothing will be accomplished in time to influence the choice of judges at the coming election. We are inclined to think that perhaps the most valuable result of this investigation will be a suggestion. It is evident that the character of machine and boss politics should be made absolutely clear; and that an official inquiry should be instituted having for its object the turning of full light on the relations of the boss to the nation, the State, and the municipality. Mr. Mazet has not time for this work. But Governor Roosevelt might secure an appropriation for it and appoint a large commission, which might be divided into as many parts as there are subjects of inquiry, and the result would be enlightening and astonishing.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT AND HIS OPINIONS

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

IT has occurred to a good many Republicans, and perhaps to others—although he has announced himself in favor of Mr. McKinley's renomination—that Governor Roosevelt is a possible candidate for the Presidency. Some Western Republicans, and especially some from the Pacific coast, hope that he will prevail in the national convention of next year. Those who hope thus are moved chiefly by a desire to defeat Mr. McKinley; for this administration, like every other which the country has known, has made enemies in its own party. These have fallen upon Governor Roosevelt as the best instrument for their purpose, not only because he is popular, but because his popularity comes from certain virile characteristics which most men like. They are fond of the picture of the man on horseback—whether he is riding after Spaniards or grizzlies or steers; whether he is soldier, hunter, or ranchman. When Governor Roosevelt was younger than he is now, he used to think a cow-puncher the ideal American—possessing in an especially large degree the fine traits which make the good American who does not expect to go to Paris when he dies—that is, the American who is frank, outspoken, self-reliant, aggressive, adventurous, courageous, truthful in essentials, hating shams and yet getting a good deal of fun out of them, resourceful, inventive, and in deadly earnest when he feels the hand of duty on him. One could go on all day describing this kind of an American, but in doing it one would be likely to forget that Governor Roosevelt's sympathies and horizon have broadened, and that he couples with the rough rider of the plains and brings into the same class the American farmer, and any other simple American citizen of any occupation or domicile who is wilfully, actively, and peculiarly American—who is redolent of the country. One great reason why Governor Roosevelt is popular in the West, and generally among our country folk, is that he excites and satisfies their imaginations, and he in turn, having a highly excitable and quick-working fancy, is deeply inspired by their virtues. Both are rather inclined to the roseate hue, which, we must admit, is better than a tendency to bile.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT MAKING A SPEECH FROM A CAR PLATFORM DURING HIS CAMPAIGN.

There ought to be some better reason, however, for desiring that a fellow-citizen shall be President, or even a candidate for the Presidency, than that he appeals to one's imagination. Governor Roosevelt has intelligent political views, and, as I happen to know what most of them are from personal intercourse with him, as well as from reading his many essays, it seems to me that it will be well to tell them to his friends and admirers who are predisposed to regard him as a proper person to fill the highest office in the country. It must not be understood that I am a partisan of his, or that I am advocating his nomination or election. I am doing nothing of the kind. So far am I from being his partisan that I do not agree with him on most national questions, and the only time I ever supported him for office it was mainly on account of the character of the opposition to him. Moreover in the heat and excitement of speech-making he occasionally bewilders and often offends his best friends. But, after all is said, there is the man himself; his record, his work for good government, and all that he has done must be counted against his spoken words. There was never a man in public life whose character could be more successfully appealed to against his hastily spoken words—not that he is by any means always hasty. I set all this down to show how little I am open to the charge of personal partisanship in anything I may say of Governor Roosevelt's political opinions. I am trying to be a mere reflector; and of this the reader may be absolutely sure: whenever I state positively that Governor Roosevelt's opinion is thus or so, it is as if he were speaking. When I am not sure of my ground I shall qualify my statement.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S CAREER

It is an interesting fact that Governor Roosevelt's political career has already been much more important than he ever expected it to be. It is evident that he has a great ambition, and that his strong intellectual interest is in politics. Moreover, his bent in politics is rather towards action than reflection; that is, he is a good deal more deeply interested in the administration of government than in problems of legislation or of constitutional law. Nevertheless, despite his political activity, he has never contemplated a continual official career, or any large personal success in politics. He has rather been impressed with the reflection that his mission in politics lay in working outside of office in behalf of good government, and he has thought that his political career would be largely that of a writer, and, as incidental to the occupation of a writer, that of a speaker. He believes that, living up to this conviction, he has always conducted himself in office as if he never expected another nomination. Some people will not agree with him, and, as Mr. Howells's character always says, I know what they mean. Mr. Roosevelt belongs, or professes to belong, to the machine, and it is impossible to consult the machine without inviting criticism and opposition from those who are of the other machine, or who are opposed to machines of any kind or complexion, and regard them as evil communications. But, in vindication of Mr. Roosevelt's conception of himself, it will easily be remembered that a good many people have charged him with the responsibility of the present Tammany régime in New York city, because, as Police Commissioner, he insisted on enforcing the excise laws—as if the German vote, the club vote, and all the other possibly offended votes were not in existence. It will also be recalled that he declined to appoint Mr. Platt's man as Superintendent of Public Works, and that he had almost, perhaps quite, a violent quarrel with the machine because he announced his intention to appoint Judge Daly to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Judge O'Brien, Croker finally saving the machine by urging on O'Brien the withdrawal of his resignation. He had also another serious break with Mr. Platt because he insisted on the passage of the franchise-tax law. Mr. Platt, as is well known, secures his campaign contributions from corporations, and this law is therefore, in his view, a serious blow to him, and possibly a correspondingly important benefit to the community. These are clearly illustrations of the truth of Governor Roosevelt's view of himself as a politician. He may have done a good many things for the machine, but there is no doubt that he has compelled the machine to do a good many things that he has wanted, and that have been good for the State. And he insists that if he had fought the machine, he would have been powerless to secure from the Legislature the replacement of the Black civil service laws by the present statute, or to do any good whatever, and that therefore his term as Governor would have been wasted. He has also taken the position with the machine that he would ordinarily select machine men for office, but that he must be given good men. Where peculiar ability or expert skill was desired, however, he has not consulted the machine at all, and has appointed not only independent Republicans, but a number of gold Democrats, to office. He will not condone corruption for any consideration of political expediency. So it has come to pass that he is not on the best of terms with the machines, for the reason that they cannot have their will with him unless their will agrees with his. They will never nominate him again, therefore, if they can avoid it, because he is not entirely of them. They will take him only when they want to win, and when they conclude that success depends upon crowning their ticket with his popularity.

All this is rather of Mr. Roosevelt as a politician than of his views. I am bound to explain, however, to his Western and other friends, why his nomination would be difficult in a convention controlled by politicians, and to explain further that this is also his opinion, or rather is in accord with his general view of his place in politics. Governor Roosevelt apart, it has become quite true of our modern politics that unless he can become the popular hero there is no public career for the man who has for his capital merely sound ideas and thorough training, a knowledge of the needs of administration, opinions born of study and observation concerning the nature and the functions of government, the weaknesses, needs, and virtues of the democracy, all united with the capacity of administration.

WAR AND COMMERCIALISM

The most obvious of Governor Roosevelt's obsessions is what some of his best friends call his bloodthirstiness. I cannot bring myself in a paper of this kind to the discussion of the love of war which has been manifested by this very good citizen. But I can account for it, I think, without approving of it, and not either by merely pointing out his incontestable joy in strife for strife's sake. The truth is that he sometimes finds himself in close and disagreeable comradeship with ideas that are revolting to him, and he permits his imagination to gallop him into a more congenial atmosphere. He is very far, for example, from holding to the essential value of commercialism as an element of national virtue. Those who know him best will agree that he believes that virtue itself, pure virtue, is a paying quality, and that the question "Will it pay?"—that is, will it pay in material additions to the wealth of the nation—is not crucial with him. He is unlike a good many of his party leaders in this respect, for he believes that if the nation has come to the point where it is merely commercial, where its government exists only to increase the riches of its citizens and to multiply the opportunities for material prosperity, if all that the republic can accomplish is the exaltation of the dollar and the building up of a mercantile aristocracy, then the nation and its government are not worth saving. When this habit of mind is considered, and certain tendencies in modern politics are recalled, it is not really wonderful that an ardent imagination, stimulated by a strong and active body, should be glad to contemplate battle and the glory of battle as medicaments for the nation's health. He finds himself choked by the conditions emanant from prevailing commercialism, and he is impressed and governed by the thought that the manly virtues may be brought into their appropriate prominence if the political life of the nation is cleansed with a baptism of blood. This will not be accepted as sufficient by those who differ from Governor Roosevelt — men whose eyes are as open as his to the evils of commercialism, but who wish to overcome them by other means, and who see that the glory of modern warfare is but a name, and that its horrors and corruptions are the actualities; but it is sufficient to indicate the truth about him on this score, and that is that he no more believes in war for war's sake than does his old chief, Secretary Long, of the navy and the Universal Peace Society. He is possessed of the notion that war may be a good galvanizing agent for the awakening of a social and political organism that is stiffening in corruption.

To come to the realities of the political struggle: Governor Roosevelt probably does not count the Philippines as of much value to this country; and he does not agree with some politicians and writers that it is the duty of the country to go into tropical climates for the mere purpose of saving the heathen from anarchy or any political confusion. And yet there has never been a time since Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Harbor when he would have favored coming away. He says that we are like the man who has the wolf by the ears. He is impressed by our international responsibilities. He insists, of course—this goes almost without saying—that Aguinaldo and his people shall be conquered. As to what shall be done after that I am under the impression that he is inclined to wait; but if we were ever charged with the duty of establishing civil governments for Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and our other possessions in Asiatic and West-Indian waters, if we are really to have them, he would set himself to the task of deciding upon the best form of government for each place, and would establish an official class based entirely on the merit system. Of one thing the country may be sure: if Mr. Roosevelt were President we should see a vigorous struggle on the part of the Executive against the establishment of any form of colonial government that would give an opportunity for the expansion of the spoils system; for Governor Roosevelt, as the country knows, is not only an ardent but an exceedingly intelligent advocate of civil service reform. He believes in it, and he has done as much as any individual to further it. Whatever mistakes he has made on this subject have been mistakes on what civil service reformers would agree to be the right side. His most distinguished service—not necessarily his most useful, although I am inclined to place it highest in respect of usefulness—was his successful attack on the Black evasion of the Constitution of New York; for if that unscrupulous design had succeeded, the spoilsmen could have driven their party carryalls through any civil service law in existence. It will not be necessary to come back to this subject. I speak of it here because it is an illustration of what might be expected from Governor Roosevelt if he were charged with the duty of framing, or helping to frame, forms of government for colonies.

I shall merely add, as I pass to other topics, that Governor Roosevelt believes that the nation should keep its word with the Cubans, and that the future form of government for the island should be determined upon by the natives, or by those who inhabited it at the time the promise was made, and who do not wish to restore the sovereignty of Spain. He does not believe that Americans who have recently gone to the island, either for business or political purposes, should take part in this decision.

TARIFF, TRUSTS, AND CURRENCY

Mr. Roosevelt has not come very much into personal contact with the tariff question. He came out of Harvard a free-trader, and he has changed his mind, having reached the conclusion that protection has made us commercially and industrially independent. Therefore, and because of the constant victories of the protectionists in Congress, he believes that the tariff policy of the country is fixed, and that it ought not to be disturbed, stability being of the utmost importance to the maintenance of the prosperity with which the country is now blessed. What changes are necessary in the schedules of the tariff should, he thinks, be made by the friends of the tariff—that is, by the protectionists—and he agrees with all other protectionists, including Mr. McKinley, that all changes hereafter will be in lowering rates of duty.

Trusts are bothering his mind, as they are the minds of all who concern themselves with public questions, and, like all intelligent observers, he is not sure as to what ought to be done. He knows thoroughly well, of course, that combinations of capital cannot be prevented by legislation, but it is clear that something is wrong, and that government has some duties to perform. He is inclined to think that the work of regulation and restraint must be administrative. The great accumulations of capital owe their identity, their power, their very existence as corporate beings, to the State, and the State should exercise over them the same kind of supervision that it exercises over savings-banks and insurance companies. The State should know the truth as to the capital, real or watered, the indebtedness, the operations, and the earnings of its creatures, and also the character of their relations to the rest of the public, and especially to their smaller competitors. He recognizes much justice in the complaints of oppression and tyranny made against trusts, and believes that the remedy for these evils rests largely with the courts of justice; and here he touches upon a large question which seems greatly to interest him—the independence of the judiciary. He points to the courts of Massachusetts as the nearest approach to ideal tribunals that we possess — the courts whose early decisions were greatly to the advantage of corporations, but before which, more than before any others in the country, individual poverty stands on an equal footing with corporate wealth. The corrupting influence of wealth, not only over politics and legislation, but over the courts, has made a deep impression upon the Governor's mind, and he realizes that the courts are not only in danger, but that they have sometimes already yielded to insidious and base influences. Politicians are now judges in many of the States, and nominations are worked for, both on and off the bench, in a manner that would have scandalized the bar of twenty years ago, but which is now taken quite calmly by all except those lawyers whose minds and consciences have been kept alert by constant self-watchfulness. It is to the law and equity judges, however, that the State must look for protection against the unlawful acts of trusts, and therefore the political conditions which tend to make the judges dependent upon rich contributors to campaign funds ought to be the essential objects of the assault of those who want that industrial and economic freedom which the trusts are charged with denying. An upright judiciary, wholly independent of politics, that will treat corporations and trusts to the same equity by which individuals are governed, would speedily put an end to the crying abuses of trusts. Governor Roosevelt is not only a gold-standard man above suspicion, but he believes that the banking system of the country ought to be reformed, and especially that banking facilities should be made possible in the remote agricultural regions which are now denied them by the national bank law. In other words, he is in favor of taking the quickest route to the ending of the fiat-money trouble, and he does not believe that the existence or ascendency of his party depends upon keeping the issue alive.

THE RACE QUESTION

As to the deplorable race quarrel in the South, he believes that Booker T. Washington is pointing out the right path to his race. Lynchings and rapings are co-ordinate forces of evil. The negro must grow in grace before the white man will hold his hand from vengeance. The two must improve together before justice and law can prevail. No one doubts what Governor Roosevelt would do with a lyncher if he had the power over him, but no one will ever find him telling the negro that he has no part to play in the necessary regeneration of social conditions, or that he can play his part by turning his back to the light and merely being loyal to the Republican ticket. Fundamentally he believes that each locality of the country must work out its own salvation.

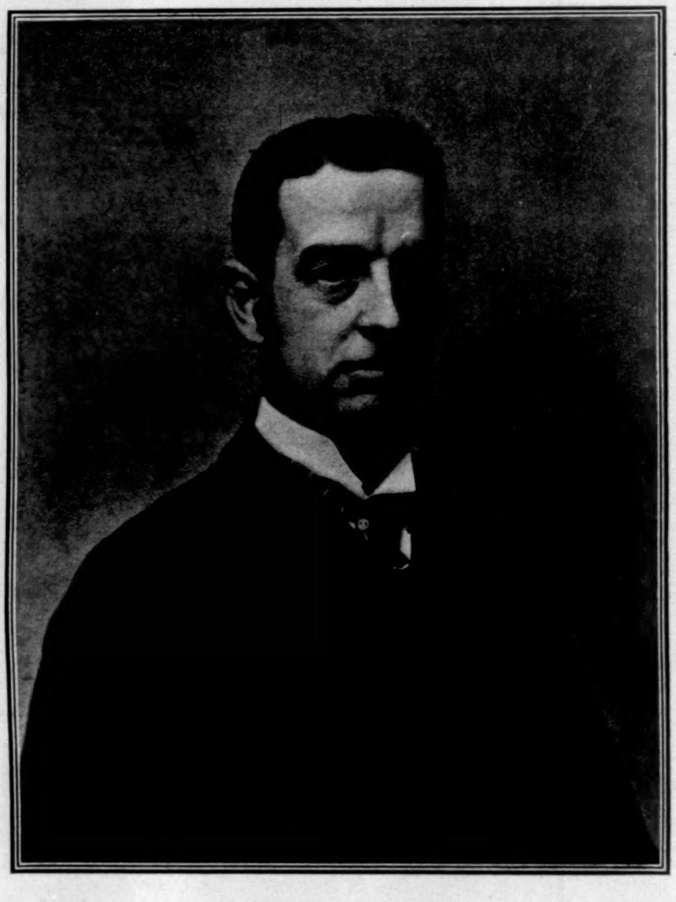
CONCLUSION

I have tried, as I promised, to give a fair account of the kind of politician and political thinker Governor Roosevelt is. I have not considered him in any of his other characters. I think that, on the whole, the sketch is just, and I trust that it will convey to those who wish to be his strong and ardent partisans an idea of the kind of President their leader would be, of the attitude of his mind on the leading questions of the time, and of the work he would do in their behalf.

Cornelius Vanderbilt

After an author has written his book, he may use the same pen in writing a preface for it; and all his eager desire that the reader should be guided to take the message of his book in the right way may find expression in the skilful arrangement of a few words over which one is supposed to linger for a moment before coming to the story itself. Oh, we should make much of this, believe me (though we seldom do)! "Here is the correct point of view, and thus you should interpret my story," says our author, not in such words, but to this effect, if you read the thoughts of his heart. "If you do not take care you will miss my meaning; to miss its significance utterly will surely be to find the thing dull, and to miss it partly will be to find the thing wrong." So he writes his preface, if he loves his book; and though there are times, of course, when he may surrender the privilege to another particularly qualified person, there are no circumstances in which it would not seem preposterous to intrust this delicate task to the first comer.

After a man has lived his life, however, to and through the very last all-important fact of it, some one else makes its preface. The first comer? No, but the first comers. The ultimate fact, if the man has been prominent, is an item of news—a thousand hands which give form to the news of the day are casually employed upon his obituary notices. "This is the correct point of view, and thus you should interpret the dead man's life story." No one quite says this; but how much less is implied in a review of the leading events in a finished life, even supposing that no analysis is attempted? Which of these events bears the chief emphasis—which one of them reveals the man? Really there can be no fair narrative of such matters save that which follows upon the heels of analysis; and there can be no analysis without intimate knowledge.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.
Born November 27, 1843. Died September 12, 1899.
Photograph by Fredricks.

Mr. Vanderbilt's life story may some time be condensed and abbreviated in a biography, but as it stands to-day—unwritten, merely lived—it is fifty-six years long, and in addition to the vital chapters relating to birth, marriage, love of offspring and love of God (chapters interpreted by the common experience), it includes an element which at first sight appears to be unique, but which a little reflection may show to be all the more important for the reason that it is only a splendid example of a new tendency in modern society—a tendency making for equalization of the common burdens and privileges without upheaval or violent disturbance of the existing order.

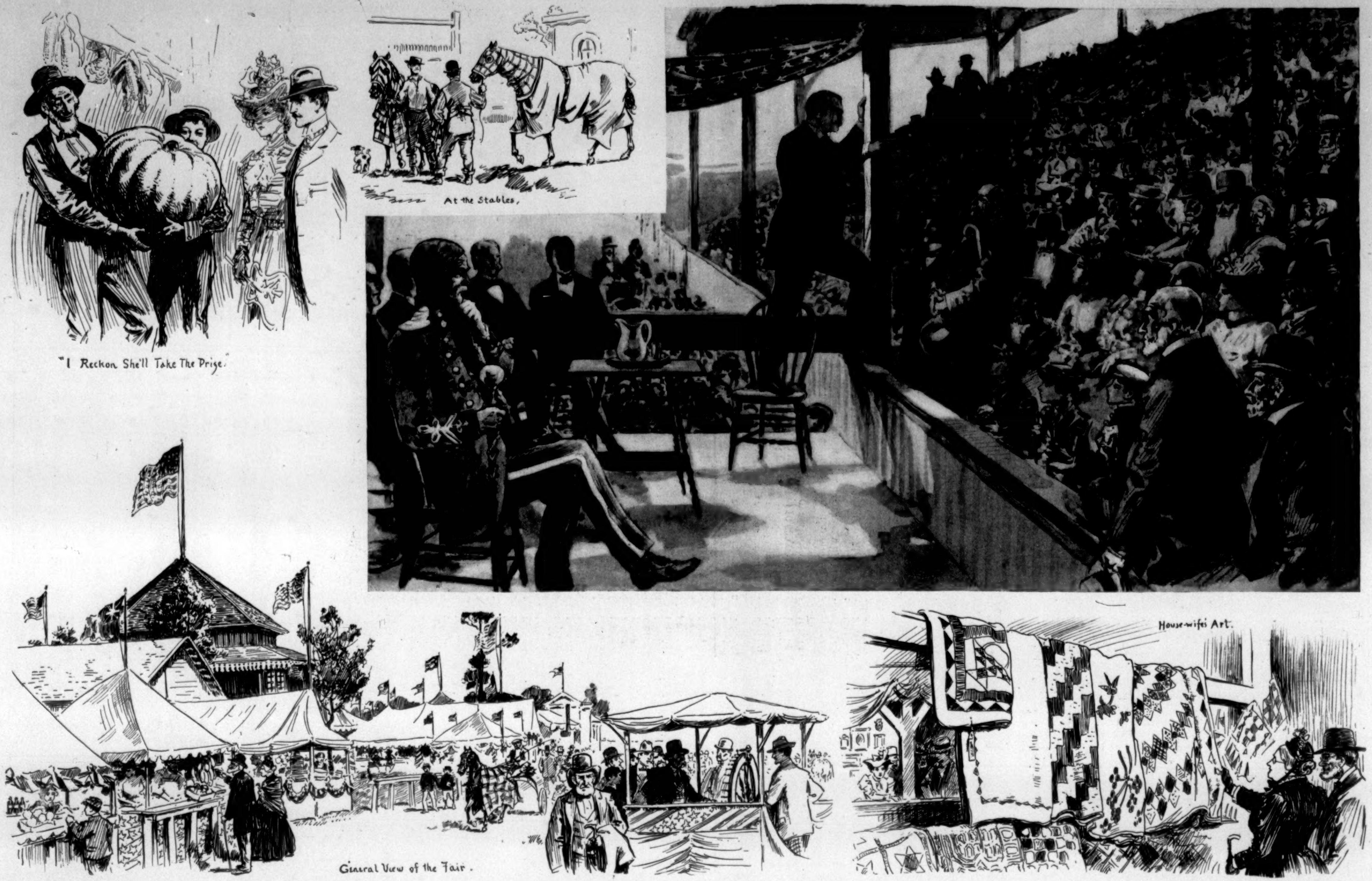
At the time when Commodore Vanderbilt was in the heyday of achievement, his son, William H. Vanderbilt, was living on a farm at New Dorp, Staten Island, so plainly, without participation in the active life to which the family temperament inclines, that this period has been called his "exile." There his oldest son, Cornelius, was born on November 27, 1843. A disposition to "bear on" when recalling and recounting this period is perhaps natural enough, for the chance seems to be offered to call attention to a striking contrast—but the attempt to put a heavy shadow over the boy's work on a farm and his early education in common schools will not mislead those who realize that the grandson and namesake of the watchful commodore—that is, of a man who was eager to find some one of his own blood to aid in sustaining his fabulously successful enterprises—was always in the sunshine of opportunity. He did not enjoy the advantages of education at a college, but learned, as an employé of two New York banks, both less and more than a college curriculum can give, before attaining his majority. And then, when the original genius, the founder of the family fortune, reached out to get aid and share his overflow of good luck, William H. Vanderbilt became president of the Harlem Railroad, and Cornelius its assistant treasurer. Once in the line of promotion among railway officials, Cornelius might easily have allowed himself to be carried along by the current. His promotion was so well assured that we may find here, and at this point, the first conspicuous demonstration of his superiority; he earned promotion in spite of the fact that he was sure of it. All the clerical duties of his official positions were performed with the conscientious devotion to details which distinguishes useful subordinates and is sometimes quite falsely regarded as a badge of inferiority. He was even naïvely proud of his skill as an accountant, but at the same time he mastered the financial system of the railway with which he was most closely identified, and took such a practical interest in mechanics that he was enabled to suggest important improvements in the construction of rolling-stock. As the next step in his advancement, he became treasurer of the Harlem Railroad; then, on the death of the Commodore, he was selected for the position of vice-president, and at the same time was made first vice-president of the New York Central Railroad. His father, William H. Vanderbilt, when retiring from active control of the Vanderbilt railways, made Cornelius chairman of the New York Central board, with Chauncey M. Depew as president. In December, 1885, William H. Vanderbilt died. Cornelius, for the ten years immediately following, attempted to carry burdens which were far beyond his strength, actually sustaining year after year the most exhausting labors incidental to his position as chief of the Vanderbilt system, while he accepted, as head of his family, a very large measure of responsibility for the management of the fortunes of the other members — his three brothers and four sisters. Six days in each week at his office, and eight hours or more of each day at his desk—such was his rule, to which infrequent exceptions were admitted.

Another rule, of which it is safe to say he respected the binding force even more willingly, related to the proportion of each working-day to be devoted to benevolent enterprises. It is well known that about four of the busiest hours were set apart for this noble employment — for his unselfish exertions in connection with public charities, and for his own private beneficence; not even his most intimate friends, however, can tell how many of the remaining hours were appropriated by claimants who, as a matter of course, pressed in upon him from all sides. The facts which stand out most clearly are that his painstaking conscientiousness drove him beyond the limit of his physical resources; that until he suffered a stroke of apoplexy on July 14, 1896—when he was compelled to retire from active work—he scrupulously discharged all his duties in connection with the official positions which he held, though such duties assume rather colossal dimensions when a man is chief executive of half a dozen great companies and director in twoscore. A fact which his reticent habit explains is that it is now quite impossible to enumerate all of the channels through which his wealth was distributed; but clearly he gave more than one-half of his time and strength and zealous interest to the causes and persons sharing his income.

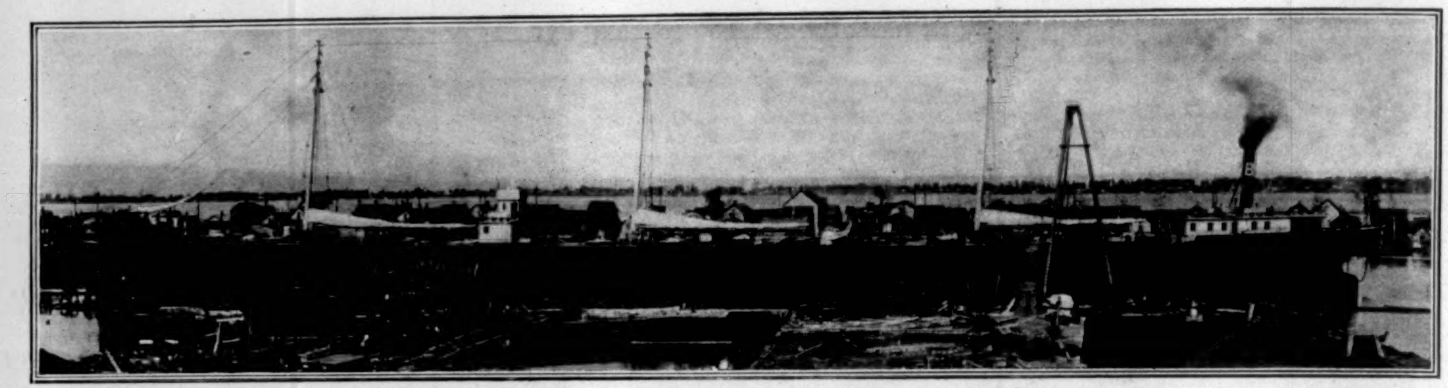
Finally it was Death in the character of propitiator that came into the great house, found the man sleeping, and woke him to the single certainty—that of its own presence. If there had been any lack of apprehension on the part of the public of the real meaning of this man's life story, the circumstances of his death — his quiet conviction that he was defenceless, expressed characteristically in the words, "I think I am dying"—would have shown that the actual possessions of this one of the world's richest inhabitants had always been just those universal possessions, the right to be alive and to do day's work. The hearts of the people were touched, and they saw clearly for a day that the privilege of great wealth is just its burden — just the privilege of being more thoroughly vitalized by the balanced efforts of giving and acquiring. To the more sanguine it may seem that the acceptance of this burden in the spirit which Mr. Vanderbilt showed gives promise of a new era of general contentment, reconciling two things which have heretofore been assumed to be irreconcilable: (1,) the freedom of competition, so indispensable to individual endeavor and achievement; (2,) the more even distribution of all "good things to enjoy."

Notwithstanding his preoccupation with the matters which we have now mentioned, Mr. Vanderbilt kept himself thoroughly informed in regard to political and social affairs; perhaps only a very busy man could have maintained so many connections. Through his interests in the higher education, in art, and in science, he became a trustee of Columbia College, a trustee of the Museum of Natural History, and chairman of the executive committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Yale University, at which his sons have studied, found him always a loyal and generous friend. About twenty-five New York clubs counted him among their members. Religious and philanthropic societies, however, held the place of honor, as we have said. He was vestryman of St. Bartholomew's Church, member of the finance committee of the Protestant Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, trustee of the Protestant Episcopal Seamen's Mission, member of the executive committee of the International Young Men's Christian Association, vice-president of the local Young Men's Christian Association, a trustee of the Bible Society, a trustee and chairman of the executive committee of St. Luke's Hospital. This is an incomplete list, but it may serve, like a stroke of the pen, to show the actual emphasis.

Marrion Wilcox.


"I Reckon She'll Take The Prize."
At the Stables,
General View of the Fair.
House-wife's Art.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT AT THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY FAIR AT OGDENSBURG, NEW YORK.—Drawn from life by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 942.]

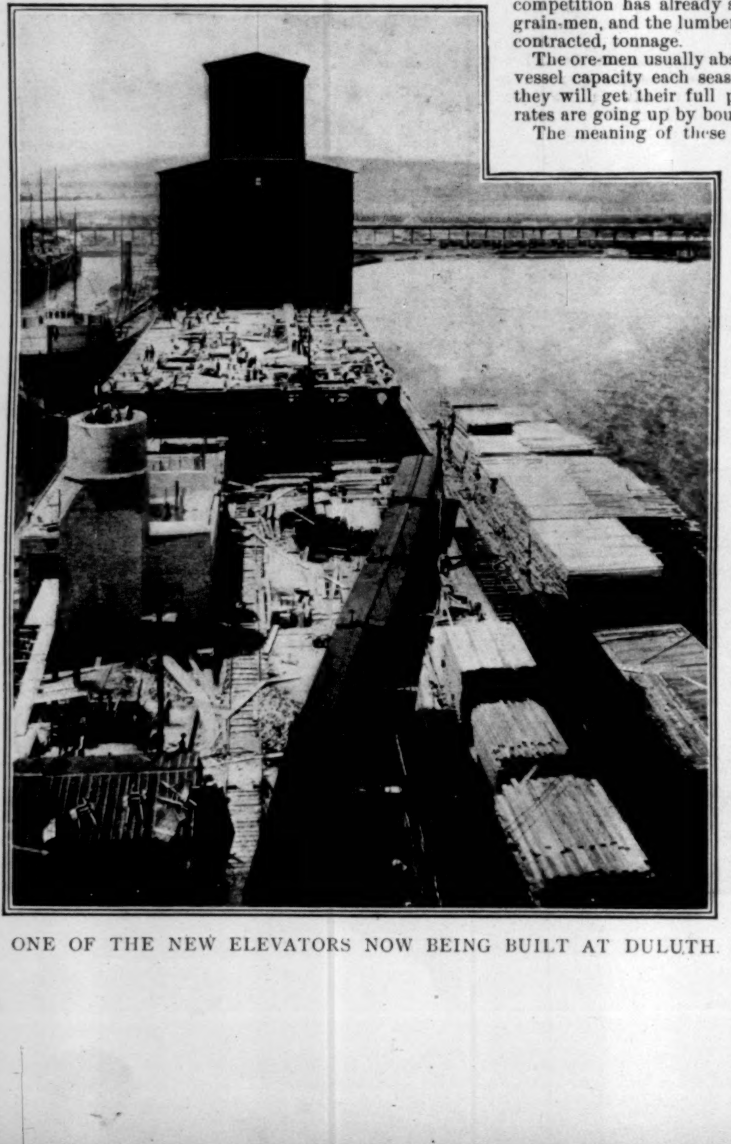


THE "JOHN SMEATON," JUST LAUNCHED ON LAKE SUPERIOR—THE LARGEST VESSEL OF THE BARGE TYPE ON THE LAKES.

UNPARALLELED PROSPERITY—*Conditions on the Great Lakes*

IF a chart could be made of the prosperity wave which is now sweeping the country, the centre of its activity would be found in the region of the "Head of the Lakes." Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the two Dakotas have always been prosperity-breeders. Two immense wheat crops have been selling at phenomenal prices, and finding their markets by way of the Great Lakes and Buffalo. Last July more pig-iron, by thousands of tons a week, was produced than in any previous month in the history of the industry in the United States; and what is true of July will undoubtedly be true of the entire year. Jay Gould always watched pig-iron; if it went up, he was a bull; if it went down, he was a bear. A large proportion of the iron ore which supplies the smelters of Pennsylvania and Chicago comes from the Lake Superior region, seeking its outlet by the steel steamers of the lakes. The chief source of supply of Northern lumber is the forests of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, and this lumber, too, is distributed by way of the lakes.

As a consequence, the condition of shipping in the Great Lakes is one of the surest indications of the commercial vitality of the country. The unravelling of hard times must begin with the farmer, but the country will not be convinced of the actual arrival of prosperity until the transporters have begun to compete for business, until rates go up, and the results are set forth in cold figures. It is most significant, therefore, that the shippers of the Great Lakes are now passing through a period of prosperity—so remarkable, indeed, that even the cautious trade papers of the Northwest call it sensational, and forbear to predict any limit to the rise in freights. During the past five years, with the exception of a few months in the season of 1895, shippers have made little or no money. Even at the opening of navigation this year the prospects of a large increase of business looked poor. With July, however, rates began to sharpen, and August brought the boom. A year ago the rate for the transportation of iron ore between Duluth and Buffalo was fifty cents a ton. At the writing of this article shippers are readily bidding from $1 65 to $1 85 for what is known as "wild" tonnage, and even at this extraordinary rate they cannot secure the necessary accommodations. The same unusual demand exists in the grain trade. A year ago the shippers were doing well if they could get two cents a bushel between the head of the lakes and Buffalo. At present the rates are varying from four and a half cents to five cents a bushel—more than twice as much as they were last year—and the new crop has hardly begun to come in. The rates for lumber have doubled, varying from $3 to $3 25 per thousand feet. Coal shows an even more extraordinary record. The rates, which were twenty cents per ton a year ago, have more than tripled, the average being now above seventy cents, with a record of ninety cents a ton on slow Milwaukee cargoes. P. G. Cook, secretary of the Western Elevating Association of Buffalo, told me that he confidently expected to see the rates for grain, during the rush at the end of the season, reach six cents a bushel, if not more, and the vessel-men of Duluth and Escanaba are making equally sanguine predictions. For the first time in the history of the lakes shippers have been forced to accept, without objection, such rates as the vessel-men choose to dictate. Indeed, so great is the rush that the transport companies have been insisting on the payment of demurrage for loss of time in loading and unloading. A year ago, when coal rates were only twenty cents a ton, the receivers unloaded when and how they pleased, and the vessel-owners were without redress. If they objected, the shipper sent his wares by another line.



ONE OF THE NEW ELEVATORS NOW BEING BUILT AT DULUTH.

Even the shrewdest prophets of the lake marine did not realize six months ago what the season was to bring forth. As a consequence, some of the great iron-producers, notably the Carnegie interests of Pennsylvania, contracted for the shipment of about 12,000,000 tons of ore from the head of the lakes to Lake Erie ports at the rate of sixty cents a ton—a good deal less than half the rate now prevailing—and they provided that the vessels were to return empty, so that they could make as many trips as possible. These canny iron-men will profit thousands of dollars by their foresight. But there will be upward of 16,000,000 tons of iron ore which will require shipment—a surplus of 4,000,000 tons uncovered by contracts. As a result, a spirited competition has already set in between the ore-men, the grain-men, and the lumber interests for the "wild," or uncontracted, tonnage.

The ore-men usually absorb more than two-thirds of the vessel capacity each season, but it is doubtful whether they will get their full proportion this year. And the rates are going up by bounds.

The meaning of these high freights to the vessel-men cannot be appreciated by any who are not intimately acquainted with Western transportation enterprise. A prominent shipper in Duluth told me that with ore rates at $1 65 a ton, fully $1 25 would represent clear profit. A steel vessel of 5000 tons capacity will make a round trip from Duluth to Lake Erie ports in from nine to eleven days, making a total of about twenty-five trips during a season. Each trip will represent a profit of from $5000 to $6000—say $5500. Counting twenty-five trips at $5500 each, there would be a total profit during this season, to a vessel of this class, of $137,500, provided, of course, that the rates average $1 65 per ton. This calculation is made on the basis of a return to Duluth light. If the vessel were to load with ore going down and with coal coming back, the profits would be still larger. A first-class steel vessel of the capacity mentioned can be built for about $200,000. It will therefore be seen that the wise vessel-man who did not contract his tonnage early in the year to the ore-shippers will earn a considerable portion of the cost of his vessel.

I received many explanations as to the probable cause of this remarkable advance in shipping rates. One of those most generally given was to the effect that the opening of navigation had been delayed this year nearly a month, so as to cut down the shipping season about one-eighth, thereby immensely increasing the demand for existing tonnage. This undoubtedly has had some effect on the rates, but it will not account in large measure for the immense percentage of increase. One old vessel-man with whom I talked had a much more satisfactory explanation. When I asked him what was the cause of the boom, he said, simply, "Prosperity." Then he added: "We cannot explain exactly how or when prosperity comes. We simply know that it is here, and that rates have gone up. There have been at least two seasons during the hard times of the last five years which seemed much more favorable to high rates than the present one, but freights remained stationary until the time was ripe."

All this increase in rates has taken place in the face of the fact that the vessel capacity in the lakes is greater this year than ever before in the history of American shipping. The vessels are larger, more numerous, and they have done more work. Here are some facts which will show very strikingly what a remarkable record has been made. The figures are from the latest reports, now just issued, and they include the entire movement of tonnage up to August 1, 1899. Twenty-one million bushels of wheat have been transported this year from the head of the lakes, against a bare 10,000,000 bushels during the same period a year ago—less than half as many. Of iron ore, about 6,475,000 tons were transported up to August 1, 1899, against 5,778,000 tons during the same period last year. So much for eastern-bound tonnage. The western shipments of coal show an equally remarkable falling off, only 1,619,000 tons being shipped in 1899, against 1,824,000 tons in 1898. This is in itself an evidence of the immense prosperity of the West. Such is the scramble to ship the raw products of the wheat-fields, and of the mines and the forests, that the shippers demand that the vessels return empty from the East, in order that a greater number of trips can be made during the season. Owing to this unusual condition there is grave fear in Duluth and other Northern lake ports of a scarcity of coal, and of consequent high fuel prices, during the coming winter.

While I am speaking in figures, it may be interesting to mention the fact that there is only one port in the United States which exceeds in tonnage the shipments and receipts of the ports at the head of the lakes, Duluth and West Superior. And at the rate at which the shipments from these ports are increasing they must soon pass the port of New York, and this in spite of their limited season of navigation. An equally vivid idea of the immensity of the lake business can also be obtained from the comparison, which has not yet lost its novelty, between the showing of the canal at the Sault Ste. Marie and that of Suez Canal. Last year the Sault Ste. Marie Canal passed more than 21,000,000 tons of freight, against about 9,000,000 tons for Suez Canal, or about two and a half times as much. The total number of vessels passing through the "Soo" was 17,161, against 3464 for the Suez Canal, or about five times as many. Last year the estimated value of the goods transported from Lake Superior to Lake Erie ports reached the enormous aggregate sum of $220,000,000, yielding $15,000,000 in transportation charges. The average distance being about 900 miles, this means approximately 70 cents a ton for 900 miles, or three-quarters of one mill (.00075c.) per ton per mile—by all odds the cheapest transportation in the world.

I asked one of the most prominent vessel-men in Duluth, Captain A. B. Wolvin, of the Zenith Transit Company, why, with all this demand for tonnage and the prospect of continued prosperity next year, there was not a greater increase in the number of vessels. He informed me that every ship-yard on the lakes was now working to its fullest capacity, but, owing to the inability to obtain supplies of steel, it was impossible to keep up with the demand. As a matter of fact, the vessel-owners, ship-builders, mine-owners, and the steel and iron men, who march always in lock-step, are treading on one another's heels. The ship-builders cannot get steel plates because the pig-iron men cannot get iron ore, which the vessel-men are unable to bring to them, owing to the lack of necessary shipping accommodations. For these reasons the prices of steel and of iron ore, representing Jay Gould's bull market, are likely to reign high for some time to come. Indeed, it was only yesterday that the report came that structural iron and steel had advanced $5 per ton, and that the Cramps had stopped work on the foreign warships now building in their yards owing to the lack of necessary steel plates, and that in New York city the structural work on many of the big office structures had been brought to a standstill. A Buffalo vessel-man told me that he had ordered a tug boiler, but that the manufacturers could not insure delivery within three months—a most extraordinary condition.

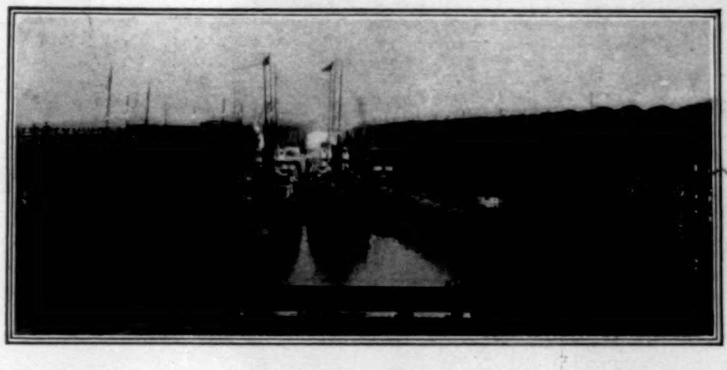
And yet new vessels are being launched at a rate almost inconceivable. The increase of lake tonnage of 1899 over 1898 was about 700,000 tons, and the new tonnage up to July, 1900, representing vessels already contracted for, will increase the season capacity about 1,000,000 tons. The tendency is toward very much larger vessels, of a class that will compare favorably with the very best ocean steamers. These new vessels are the finest of their kind ever built. They have been made a possibility chiefly by the deepening of the canal at the "Soo" so that there is a draught of 22 feet of water all the way from Duluth to the lower lake ports. Captain Wolvin told me of four enormous steel freighters which are now being built for the American Steamship Company—three at the Loraine yard in Cleveland, and one at Detroit. They will be the largest and most powerful ships on the lakes, exactly alike in every particular—500 feet long, 52 feet wide, 30 feet deep, with a draught of 22 feet. They will have enormous quadruple expansion engines of 18,000 horse-power, with speed capacity of twelve miles an hour when loaded and thirteen when light. They will be electrically lighted, and furnished with all the recent improvements in ship-building. The net capacity of each will be 9000 tons, with a carrying possibility of 300,000 bushels of wheat. It would require about eleven freight-trains of forty cars each to transport a single cargo of this size. The cost of these magnificent vessels will be about $300,000 each. At present the merchant marine of the Great Lakes exceeds that of every other country in the world except Great Britain and Germany, and, at the rate at which it is now increasing, it will not be many years before Germany is left behind.

Enormous new docks and elevators are being built at Duluth and other lake ports; the miners are stock-piling their ore in mountainous heaps awaiting shipment; the vessels will run later than ever this fall, in spite of ice and high insurance rates, and even then there will be an immense residue of prosperity left over for another year.

Nor can the vessel-owners arrogate all the prosperity to themselves. The earnings of almost all those who are in any way connected with the lake marine trade, whether in the capacity of shippers, office-men, or plain dock-men or sailors, have been greatly increased by the boom in shipping. On all the Lake Superior docks but one the longshoremen and other employees have been given an increase of wages from twenty-five cents to thirty cents an hour. The wages of firemen, deck-hands, oilers, cooks, and many other of the employees on the vessels have been increased in varying percentages. Oftentimes this has happened at the end of a short strike, but in most cases the employers have made the advance because their business warranted it. All this has added immensely to the bustling prosperity of the cities of the Northwest. Money is more freely in circulation than it has been before in many years. I saw a railroad report in Minneapolis showing that more pianos had been transported to the Northwest during the last six months than during the preceding six years, showing that the common people of the Northwest, upon whom the burden of the hard times has rested most heavily, are once more in a position to purchase luxuries.

Every link in the chain of prosperity of the country is now complete. The connection between the farmer of the West and the manufacturer of the East has been made by the shipper of the Great Lakes and the transcontinental railroad lines, and the country would seem to be verging on the condition which orators love to alliterate in the words "Unparalleled prosperity."

RAY STANNARD BAKER.



AT THE DULUTH ORE-DOCKS, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Alfred Dreyfus

BETRAYED by hate and Judas wile,
  Bereft of all his dear and best,
  By madness, by despair possessed,
A martyr on a hermit isle,

One thought is burning in him yet,
  One buoyant hope supports him still;
  They nerve his never-conquered will—
"I'm innocent! Can they forget?"

Forget, when hero-souls in light,
  Who died for Liberty and France,
  Inspire the living to advance
To be the champions of Right?

He calmly fronts the howling clan
  (Tho' flashes speak the lion at bay),
  Till Falsehood cowers, and Truth's clear day
Reveals the honor-stainless man.

Tho' Judgment—masked Brutality—
  Imprison him in dawnless night,
  His innocence, a crystal light,
Is clearer for their infamy.

A higher court—Humanity—
  Acquits! Let France the verdict know!
  A world-heart throbs with burning glow
For Dreyfus, Truth, and Liberty!

ERNEST NEAL LYON.

The Greatest Ship

THE new White Star liner *Oceanic* finished her first run from Liverpool to New York on Wednesday, having crossed, nearly to the hour, in her schedule time of six days. No disquieting record-breaking was attempted; the only record the owners profess to establish is that of regular Wednesday morning arrivals in all weathers. This undoubtedly will please the travelling public far more than an overweening desire to cut down the hours and minutes between England and America.

The *Oceanic* is the largest ship ever floated. Her length—704 feet—is over an eighth of a mile, and exceeds that of the old *Great Eastern*. She is 68 feet in beam, and displaces 28,500 tons of water. Her engines are of 28,000 horse-power. The horse-power of the engines of the *Great Eastern* was 2700—less than one-tenth that of this mighty giantess of the sea. She can carry 1700 passengers, besides the 400 men in her ship's company. Her bunker capacity is 3700 tons, which would enable her to steam around the world without recoaling at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

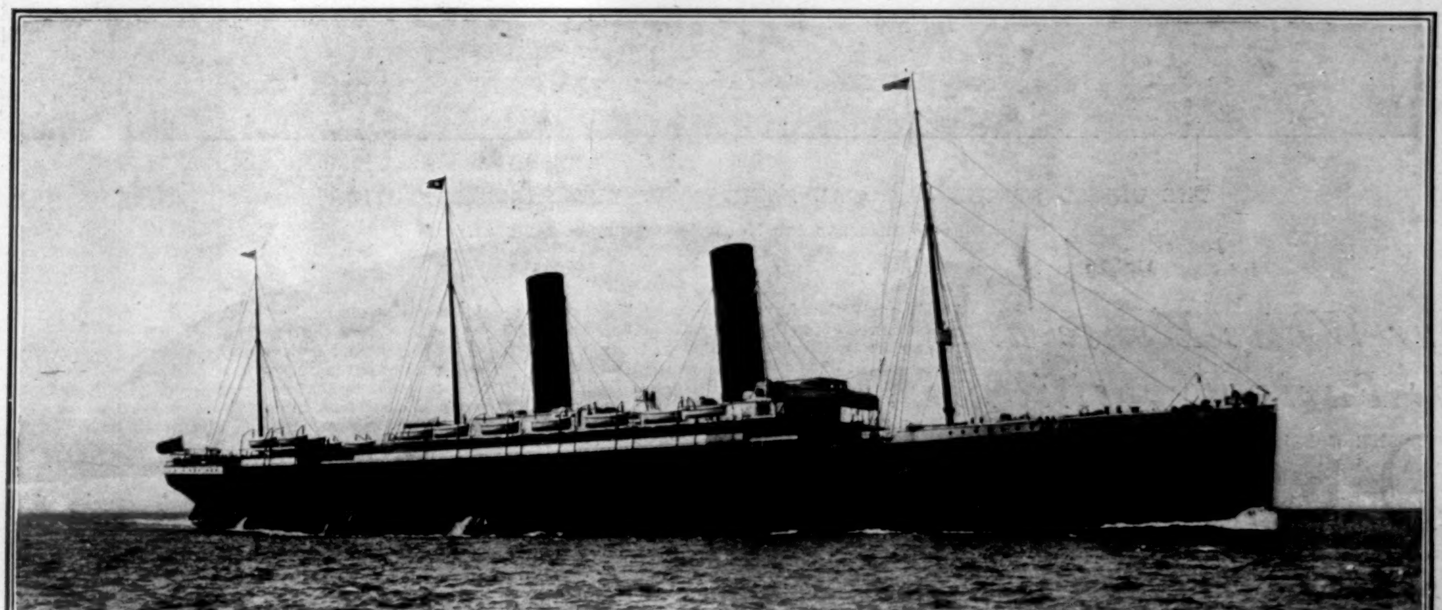
The *Oceanic* is modelled closely after the *Majestic*, owned by the same line; but every advantage of her enormous size has been taken in adapting her interior arrangements to secure the maximum of comfort for her passengers. The decorations are elaborate but in general good taste, the most striking feature being perhaps the ornate glass dome which forms the ceiling of the grand saloon. This is adorned with four allegorical figures, representing Great Britain, America, New York, and Liverpool. The ship is provided with two libraries and with two smoking-rooms for the first and second class passengers.

On Monday, September 18, the ship was opened for public inspection at her dock at the foot of West Eleventh Street, and an excellent English custom was followed in charging an admission and turning over the proceeds to local hospitals. The interest which the ship has excited was shown by the number of persons present.

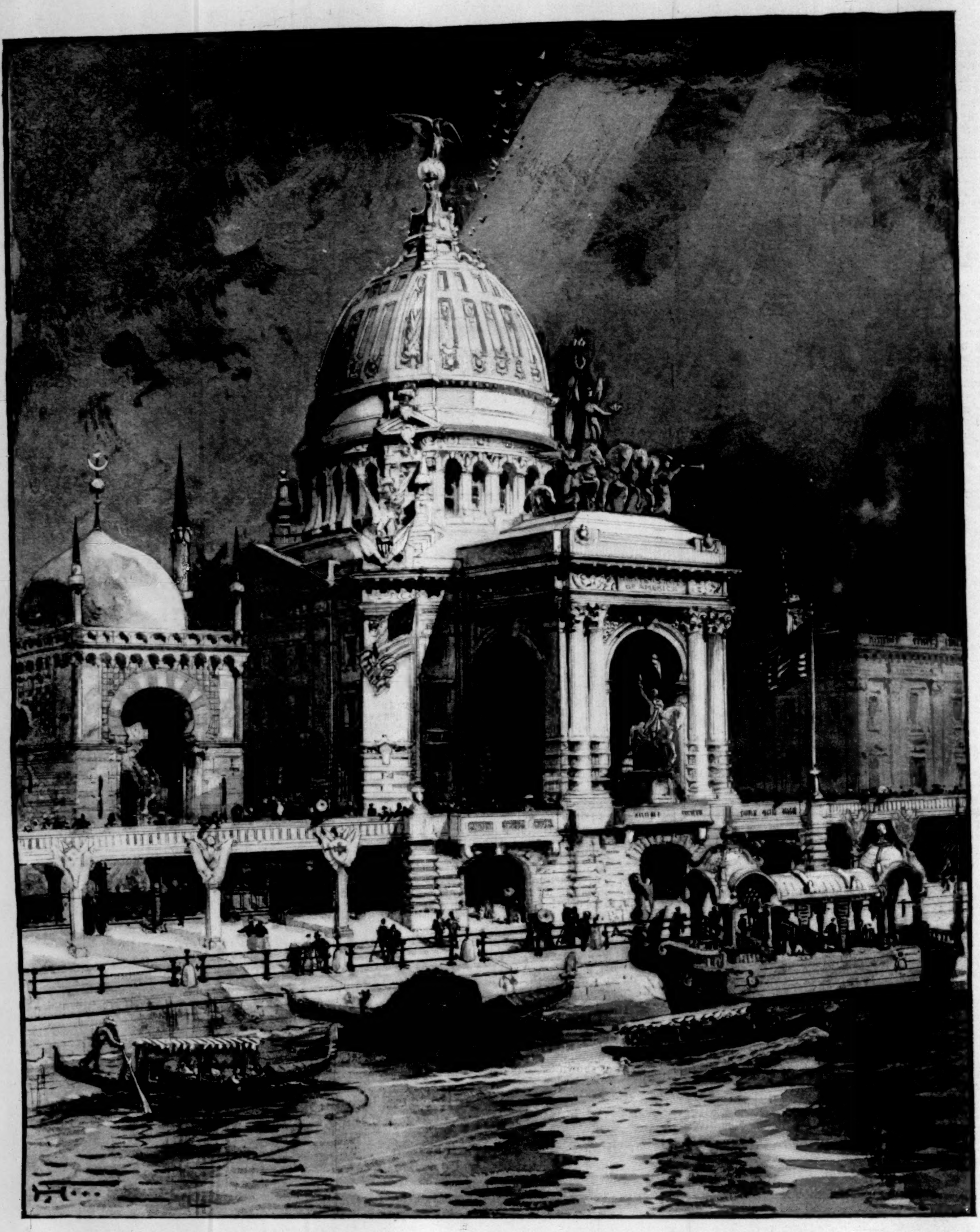
Dewey's Return

LET the trumpets loudly blare;
  Fling out bunting everywhere!
  Nail the flag high on the pole;
Let the drum-beat loudly roll!
Paint the sidewalks Turkey-red;
Hang rose garlands overhead;
Let the cannons bang away;
Swathe the Brooklyn Bridge in gay
Stuffs in festival array.
Set the soldiers on the march;
Raise a grand triumphal arch!
Ring the bells, and sound the chimes;
Call on poets for their rhymes.
In each window let there be
Wreaths from off the laurel-tree;
Clothe the boys in Sunday suits,
Collars clean, and polished boots.
Let the little girls be seen
Dressed as fair as May-time's Queen.
Deck your horses; deck your cars;
Deck your hydrants and your bars.
Let each fulgent 'lectric light
Fulge until it dazzles sight.
For 'tis plain to any dunce
Dewey can come back but once;
And when *he* comes to this town
We must do him up as brown,
And completely, too, as he
Did the Spaniard on the sea!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



THE GREATEST VESSEL AFLOAT—THE R.M.S. "OCEANIC," OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.



THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL PAVILION AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.

C. A. COOLIDGE AND MORIN GOUSTIAUX, ARCHITECTS.

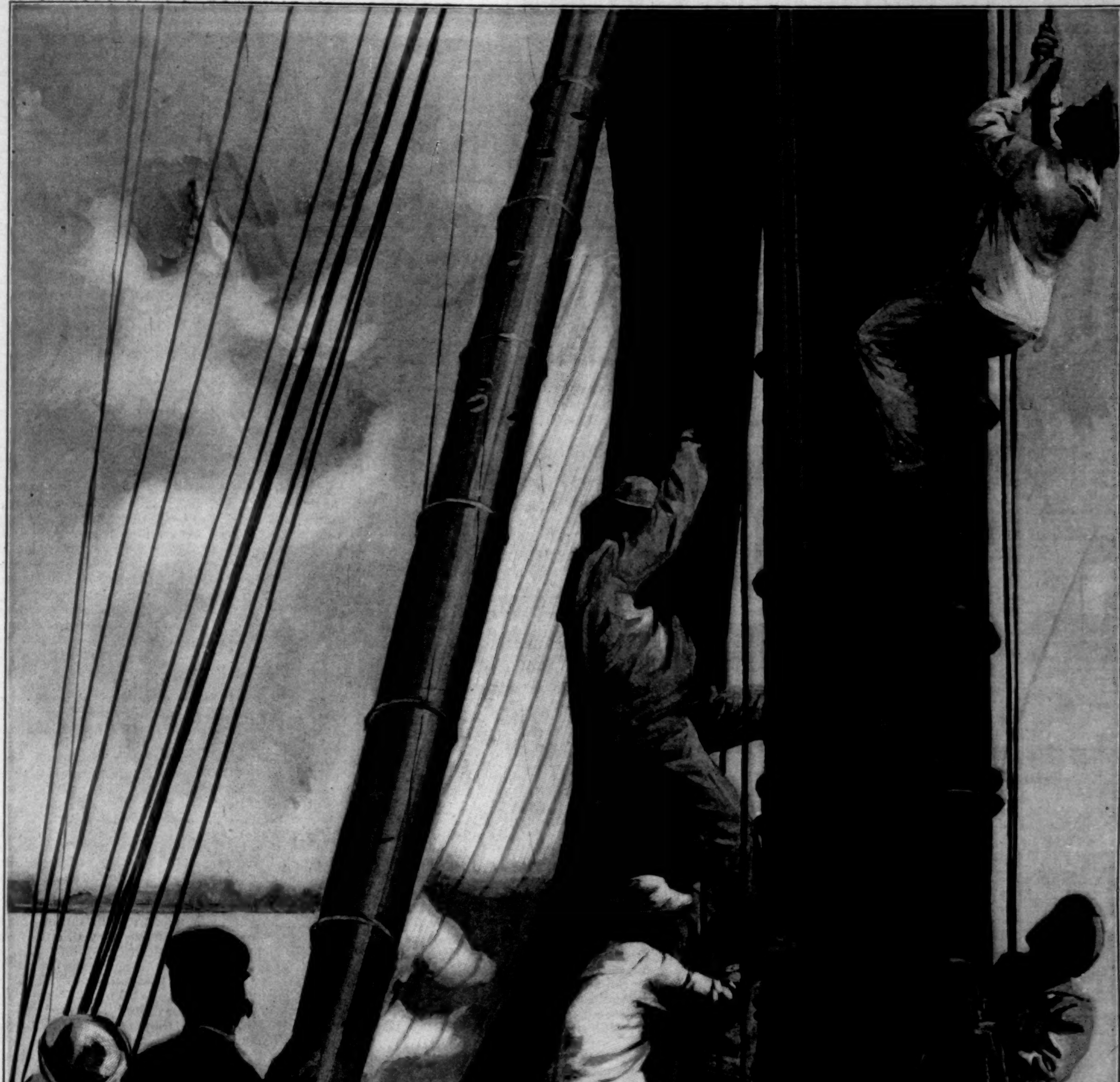
Our White House at the Paris Exposition

ONE of the imposing features of the forth-coming Paris Exposition will be the group of national buildings of the great powers, which will be situated along the Quai d'Orsay, on the south, or left, bank of the Seine. An accompanying illustration shows the design which has been adopted for the United States National Pavilion, of which Mr. Charles A. Coolidge, of Boston, and M. Morin Goustiaux, of Paris, are associate architects. Its principal front will be upon the river-bank, where a handsome landing-stage will be erected, at which all the boats of the American line, connecting with the American trolley system at Vincennes, will make their landing. Our building will thus form a monumental gateway, through which all visitors to the other national buildings will have to pass. Considerable prominence is also secured for it by its height of one hundred and sixty feet, and by the fact that it will be one of the few buildings on the grounds of classical design.

The style, as will be seen from the illustration, is Roman, offering ample scope for sculptural embellishment. The equestrian statue at the entrance will be the George Washington of Daniel C. French and E. C. Potter. The entrance itself is a sort of vestibule, semicircular in shape, with a vaulted ceiling, below which will run a painted frieze. Other opportunities for mural decoration will be afforded by the spaces in the ceiling of the rotunda, that is carried up inside very nearly as far as to the level at which the dome begins to curve. To superintend the entire decoration of the interior an art commission, composed of prominent men in various parts of the country, has been appointed by the commissioner-general. Its duties will be to provide that everything in the building, down to the smallest fittings, shall be representative of what is best and most artistic in American production. Ten thousand dollars has been specially appropriated for mural decoration, which, it is hoped, will be largely augmented by private subscriptions. Patriotism may well find expression in this direction, for mural decoration is becoming very closely identified with artistic progress in America. Some of our best painters are engaged upon it, and yet they will be unrepresented in Paris unless this opportunity is given to them.

The plan of the building is a square, and ranged around the central rotunda are four stories of rooms. Those upon the first floor will serve as lounging-rooms—one for gentlemen, one for ladies, and a third for both sexes. The second and fourth stories will be assigned to the various States, and the third reserved for the commissioner-general and his staff. The building will be therefore both the headquarters of the commission and a rendezvous for American visitors.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



ABOARD THE CUP-DEFENDER "COLUMBIA": DRILLING THE CREW—HOISTING THE CLUB-TOPSAIL.

DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

This story was begun September 9, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatémuc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatémuc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor. The story reverts to Seville, whence Don Rodrigo de Aquilar is sailing for the lands in America granted him by the Spanish King. He is accompanied by his daughter, Julia, and his secretary, Juan Rodriquez. On the voyage the latter declares to Julia his love for her, and threatens mischief in case of refusal. The vessel is wrecked.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH TWO CHILDREN OF THE SUN ASTONISH A SCOUNDREL.

BEFORE the day was ended the winds and waves had signed a truce, but on the beach, far to the westward of the Mississippi's mouth, lay ghastly trophies of their recent war. In a vain effort to propitiate the demon of the storm, according to the Portuguese sailors—to lighten the vessel, the captain would have said—cables, spars, water-casks, kits and chests of varying size, puncheons of wine, bags of sea-biscuit, cannon, powder, and stone ballast had been thrown overboard, but the shattered ship still lay heavily on a sunken reef. A portion of this impotent sacrifice the sullen surf had uplifted upon its crest, and rushing shoreward, had tossed it spitefully upon the sands.

As the hours dragged on, while the storm, in full retreat, hurried its black battalions toward the west, the moaning beach became a resting-place for grimmer flotsam than sailor's kit or broken spar. Trusting to the stanchness of their ships and the favor of their saints, the Spanish seamen in those adventurous days but seldom learned to swim. In constant peril from the hungry waves, forever searching unknown seas, where shipwreck menaced him at every hour, the Spaniard or the Portuguese would drown, amazed to find no saving potency in strings of beads, no buoyancy in dangling crucifix.

When the ship *Concepcion*, abandoned by the saints, struck on a rock concealed beneath the waves by Satan's crafty hand, there was only one man aboard the vessel who had learned to breast the surf with strength and skill sufficient for a crisis such as this—and he was a white-faced landsman, who had spent his life with pen and books, learning nothing of the sea save what had come to him when bathing in the sunny waters of Seville.

For the first time in all the countless centuries since the floods had tossed it there, the curving beach now watched the grewsome pastime which a shipwreck grants the surf. A shadow on a billow rushing landward, a black spot on a white-plumed, tossing wave, a splash and hissing on the trembling sands, and there on the shore, as the storm-wind rushes by, lies a thing which was once a man, a black and white blotch in the dim light vouchsafed by the scudding clouds. With grewsome satisfaction at its task, the undercurrent, slinking back again beneath the sea, returns to lay upon the sands another horrid plaything of the surf. 'Tis novel sport for this deserted coast, but how the waves enjoy it! They roar and thunder, sob and laugh and hiss; they toss their new-found toys upon the sands, then snatch them back again and turn them round and round, as if in envy of the grasping beach. But as the hours pass by, the shore keeps gaining what the billows lose. When the sun has pierced the western clouds to cast a passing gleam across the panting sea, the glistening sands are dotted far and wide with worthless relics of the surf's grim sport.

The arms of Juan Rodriquez had been moved by mighty passions to a most stupendous feat. Strong swimmer though he was, the burden of a senseless girl, and the striving of the deep to make no blunder in the game it played, had turned his heart to ice, while the minutes seemed like hours, and each stroke that he made was feebler than the last. But the struggling wretch was urged to mad endeavor by a combination of the most potent motives which can inspire the efforts of a man. Fear of death and love of a woman united in that awful hour to give to Juan's slender but well-knit body a stubborn endurance which foiled the undertow, and checked, for the nonce, the surf's ghastly pastime. Slowly, but persistently, with gasping breath and straining eyes, now smothered in the brine, now lifted like a cork upon a wave, a man who was not fit to die fought wildly with the sea for life and love. To leave the girl to drown, and struggle on alone with certain victory within his grasp, his dread of death had tempted him to do. But at that instant a kindlier current than he had hoped to find eased for a moment the pressure upon his chest, and bore him slantingly athwart the beach far westward of the wrecked *Concepcion*.

To the fainting youth and his senseless burden the damp strand offered no easy couch, but it was better to lie there on the shore, just outside the danger-line, while the enemy, checkmated, scolded and threatened and boasted in complaining impotence, than to choke and die, and go to judgment unshrived and with black crimes upon one's soul. What mattered it to Juan Rodriquez that for a time, as he lay struggling for breath upon the beach, the ripples—malicious offspring of the giant breakers—washed moist sand into his hair and ears, and licked his corpselike face, as if they kissed him for his prowess while they whispered vengeful threats?

Presently the victorious swimmer regained his senses, and tottering to his feet, dragged the shrunken figure of Doña Julia farther up the beach. Her black gown clung close around her, as she lay as if asleep upon the sands, the only thing of beauty that the sea had brought to land. Juan bent down and placed his hand upon her bosom. The gleam of despair in his sunken eyes died out as he felt the feeble beating of her heart, and upon his cheek the faint impact of her returning breath. Then he drew himself up to his full height, cast a glance of triumph at the treacherous sea, and, assured of Doña Julia's safety, hurried eastward across the shingle, glistening at that moment from the rays of the setting sun.

It was a dismal task that the dripping, trembling youth had essayed. From one staring, motionless victim of the storm to another went Juan, placing his shaking hand above hearts which would never beat again, and starting back in horror from faces which served as mirrors to the pain of sudden death. And ever as he crept on from one purple corpse to another the conviction became more fixed in his mind that he alone, of all the sturdy men upon that fated ship, had kept the spark of life within his breast. Suddenly the sightless eyes of Miquel Sanchez stared up at him in the sunlight.

"Curse you! Curse you!" cried Juan, kicking the unprotesting corpse in senseless rage. "Had I known you were a lubber, Hernandez had not died! 'Tis well for you the sea took all your life, or I'd choke the dying breath from out your throat! Curse you!"

Bending down, the youth, a madman for the instant, seized a handful of moist sand and hurled it spitefully into the upturned face of the man whose stubborn ignorance had placed in jeopardy his schemes for self-aggrandizement. But at that horrid moment Juan Rodriquez knew, for self-confession forced itself upon him, that it was his own weak yielding to the thirst for vengeance which had wrecked the vessel. Coward that he was, the fury of his self-reproach found vicious vent upon a lifeless trunk that had no power of protest against so grave a wrong.

The fervor of his unjust anger spent, Juan turned, like a snarling cur, from the outraged corpse, and, hungry for human intercourse, resolved to return at once to Doña Julia's side, restore her to her senses, and fortify his faltering heart by the sound of a living voice. He had gazed into dead men's faces until his soul was sick with the horror of the day. He glanced at the sinking sun petulantly, as if he awaited with impatience the black shroud that on-coming night would throw over the motionless bodies scattered along the beach.

Suddenly the youth, an expression of mingled astonishment, horror, and fear upon his changing face, fell upon his knees and crossed himself with a fervor begotten of the miracle upon which his straining eyes now gazed.

Beside the outstretched figure of Doña Julia stood two angelic beings, taller than the run of men, who faced the sun and raised their arms straight upward toward the evening sky. They wore white robes, and from the distant dune to which the startled Juan crawled it seemed as if golden halos glorified the heads of these marvellous messengers from paradise. They stood for a time with arms upraised, while to the straining ears of a youth whose heart felt like a lump of ice came the subdued notes of a chant, which he knew full well was music not of earthly origin. Presently the angels bent their heads together, as if in heavenly converse, while Juan cast a stealthy glance across the sun-red sands to see if Miquel Sanchez had roused himself from death to totter toward God's envoys with an awful accusation upon his lips. When his eyes turned toward the west again, relieved to find the sailor yet lying stark and still, Juan saw that the angels had gently uplifted the body of Julia de Aquilar, and with stately grace were bearing it away toward the twilight of the foot-hills. With his wet garments chilling the very marrow in his bones, the thief and murderer watched these celestial beings bearing his love away to paradise. The grim mockery of the chattering prayer that he breathed he could not comprehend. He paid the homage of furtive worship to angels, whose searching glance, he feared, might seek him out behind his sandy lurking-place.

The red-fringed twilight had lost its glow and the zenith had pinned a star upon its breast before Juan Rodriquez, still trembling at the miracle that he had seen, found courage to slink westward along the shore. Behind him dead men seemed to stalk, following his footsteps with grim persistence, while somewhere from the hills upon his right the eyes of angels searched his very soul. On across the beach he hurried, while the waters of the Gulf turned black, and the dread silence of the night was broken only by the gossip of the waves, telling the sands a horrid secret that they had learned.

Alone with his thoughts, with the memory of dark crimes upon his soul, Juan strove through the long night to cast far behind him the haunted shore upon which angels came and went. The interplay of life and death had left him only this—the hope of wealth. Had he known that between him and the silver-mines that he sought lay more than a thousand weary miles, he would have made a pillow of the sand in his despair.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE CROSS IS CARRIED TO A CITY OF IDOLATERS.

"I HAVE learned something of these proud pagans, Chatémuc. They are worshippers of fire; fruit ripe to pluck, to the greater glory of Mother-Church."

The Mohican grunted in acquiescence as he strode forward, a copper-colored giant by the side of the gray-garbed, undersized Franciscan.

Beneath budding trees and along a flower-haunted trail went de la Salle's envoys to the Children of the Sun. It was high noon, and the god of the idolaters shone down upon those who would dethrone him as a deity with a kindly radiance, behind which no malice lurked. Mayhap the warm-hearted luminary had grown weary of the human sacrifices offered up by his deluded worshippers, and was pleased to see the gentle Membré carrying a cross, symbol of a faith which demands for its altars no gifts but contrite hearts, toward a blood-stained city, in which a savage cult still lay as a curse upon a race endowed by nature with many kindly traits.

Between Membré the friar and Chatémuc the Mohican had long existed a cordial friendship, based in part upon hardships and dangers shared together, but more especially upon the relationship existing between them of a missionary to a convert. Of the many native Americans who had become good children of Mother-Church under the inspiring influence of the magnetic Franciscan none had been more faithful to his adopted religion than the stately Mohican, whose proud, reserved, but inherently enthusiastic temperament derived warmth and inspiration from the friar's exalted soul. Of late years much of Zenobe Membré's success as a proselyter had been due to long and earnest consultations held in the wilderness with Chatémuc, an Indian understanding Indians, and a Roman Catholic who spoke French.

Just in front of the Mohican and the Franciscan walked Katonah by the side of de Sancerre—a forest belle attended by a courtly swain. Used as he was to the startling contrasts which the exodus of Europeans to the New World had begotten in such abundance, the friar had been struck by the incongruity of this pair, who laughed and chatted just beyond him with a gayety born of the sunshine and the spring.

At the head of the little procession strode the soldierly Henri de Tonti, attended on either hand by a long-limbed Child of the Sun. The Italian veteran looked like a pygmy beside his tall, white-garbed, black-haired guides, who stalked along on his flanks with a stately grace which had aroused the enthusiastic admiration of de Sancerre, a cosmopolite who had in his time looked upon many well-formed warriors, both in the Old World and the New.

"They worship fire, Chatémuc," repeated the Franciscan, earnestly, after a moment's silence. "Their god is the sun, and they have a priesthood whose duty it is to keep alive in their temple a blaze of logs, first lighted, generations back, by the sun itself."

The Mohican turned and looked down at the friar with a gleam of mingled astonishment and inquiry in his melancholy eyes. The grunt to which he gave vent the Franciscan well understood.

"You are amazed at my knowledge of their customs, my Chatémuc," remarked the Franciscan, smilingly. "But have I not heard many wild and horrid tales in the years through which I've borne the cross to outlands such as this? 'Tis strange indeed how rumor flies through forests, over lakes, and makes the mountains rear their tops in vain. 'Tis thus the saints work miracles for us, that we may bear the Word to savage lands. As feeble men, we could do naught, my son; but with the pioneers of Mother-Church march all the hosts of heaven, and when the day is darkest and the heathen shout for joy, there comes a wonder, some marvel on the earth, some sudden splendor of the midnight sky, and the cross, triumphant, gains another tribe. Oh, Chatémuc, the glory of it all!"

The gray eyes of the Franciscan gazed upward at the set face of the seemingly stoical Indian, whose religious enthusiasm was rapidly rising to fever-heat under the intoxicating influence of the fanatical friar's carefully chosen words—words whose effect upon the devout Mohican Zenobe Membré was not now testing for the first time.

"But their fire, father? It always burns?" asked Chatémuc, presently, in a low voice.

"Day and night, year after year, from generation to generation, they keep alive this idolatrous blaze—a flame lighted in hell and carried to these pagans by Satan's self. And while it burns, my Chatémuc, 'twill be impossible to lure their souls to Christ."

The searching gaze of the friar scanned closely the phlegmatic face of the Mohican. Not a muscle in Chatémuc's copper-colored countenance moved, but a dangerous gleam had begun to flash in his eyes as they rested now and again upon the white-robed sun-worshippers striding on ahead of him.

"They guard the fire by day and night?"

"'Tis never left alone, my son," answered the Franciscan, fully satisfied with the effect that his words had had upon Chatémuc.

The native American is not a rash and impulsive being. Courageous Chatémuc was, beyond many of his race; but he was, nevertheless, an Indian, and inclined to attain his ends by craft and subtlety rather than by reckless daring. It was not until the French had introduced the native American to the civilizing influence of brandy that the latter abandoned at times in his warfare the methods of a snake, and fought now and then like a lion.

"How large a guard, my father, do they keep around their fire?" asked the Mohican, presently.

"That I do not know, my son. But bear this in mind, good Chatémuc: against a soldier fighting for the cross the powers of hell cannot prevail. Remember, Chatémuc, that unless that blaze is turned to ashes in their sight, my prayers and exhortations will be of no avail. We'll leave them pagans as we found them, unless their sacred fire no longer burns."

The vibrant notes in the friar's rich voice rekindled the light in the Indian's gloomy eyes.

"Either the fire or a Mohican shall die, my father!" exclaimed the warrior, in low, earnest tones. "Chatémuc, your son in Christ, has sworn an oath."

Meanwhile the high spirits of Louis de Sancerre had cast their spell upon Katonah, a maiden whose ready smile seldom changed to laughter. But on this bright spring day, treading a flower-bedecked path by the side of a man whose delicately chiselled face was to her eyes a symbol of all the joy of life, it was not hard for the Mohican maiden to affect a gayety uncharacteristic of a race lacking in vivacity.

"They are splendid fellows," remarked de Sancerre, gazing at the stalwart messengers from the Brother of the Sun. "With ten thousand men like these, Turenne could have marched around the world. But our mission to them is one of peace. I must teach them the steps of the *menuet*."

"And what is that?" asked Katonah, glancing over her shoulder to see whether Chatémuc's rebuking eye was fixed upon her. To her great satisfaction, she discovered that her brother seemed to be absorbed in the words of the gray friar.

"The *menuet, ma petite*? 'Twas made for you. 'Tis a *coupée*, a high step and a balance. Your untrammelled grace, Katonah, would hurt the eyes of *mesdames* at Versailles."

Little of this the Indian maiden understood, but she realized intuitively that her cavalier had been paying her an honest compliment. Her quick ear, more sensitive to the changes in his voice than to all other sounds, had learned to detect and dread a sarcastic note in his tones that often cut her to the heart. But on this gay noontide of a day at the close of what the sun-worshippers called the Moon of Strawberries, Louis de Sancerre was a joyous, frank, vivacious man, who paid the beautiful savage at his side acceptable homage with his eyes, and in whose words she could find nothing to wound her pride.

"When we reach this sun-baked centre of idolatry, *ma petite*," remarked de Sancerre, presently, "we must make an effort to remain side by side. Though I should pass a thousand years in harems of the Turks, I could not forget the face of that old hag who came to haunt me by my lonely couch. 'Tis her you are to find—for the greater glory of our Mother-Church. But bear this in mind, *petite*, that I must have some speech with her before the friar seizes on her tongue and makes her Spanish eloquent for Christ. I'd ask her of a miracle, before good Membré goes to work with his."

For Katonah the glory of the day had passed. The gleam of happiness died slowly in her eyes, and the smile which lingered still upon her lips had lost its joyousness. Not only had the mocking echo returned to de Sancerre's voice, but he had recalled to the girl's mind the story that he had told her, earlier in the day, of a Spanish maiden whose name had come to him so strangely in the dark hours of the night. It was, then, the memory of a maiden over sea which had led the Frenchman's footsteps toward the city of the sun! The misery in Katonah's heart crept into her voice.

"I'll serve you as I can," she said, gently, her eyes avoiding his. "But," and she lowered her tones until her words became a warning made in whispers—"but I say to you, monsieur, beware of Chatémuc! Stay not by my side. I'll serve you as I can, but leave me when we reach the town. Believe me when I say 'tis safer so."

"*Ma foi! ma petite*," exclaimed de Sancerre, petulantly, turning his head to cast a glance behind him at Chatémuc, "your warning, though well meant, was hardly fair to him! Your brother is too good a friend of Mother-Church to harbor hatred of a Catholic like me, who only yesternight vowed three long candles to the Virgin mother—after that ugly crone had left my side at last."

"You smile and speak light words," murmured Katonah, deprecatingly. "But I say to you, beware of Chatémuc. He loves the faith, but hateth you, monsieur. I know not why. 'Tis strange!"

She gazed at the Frenchman's face with a frank admiration which brought a self-conscious smile to the courtier's lips. Flicking a multicolored insect from the tattered velvet of his sleeve, de Sancerre exclaimed:

"Ah, my Katonah, 'tis those who know me best who love me best. Your brother is a stranger, who cannot read my heart. But, hark! what have we here?"

The noise of kettle-drums and the howling of a great throng arose in front of them. Their stately guides withdrew from de Tonti's side and stalked sedately to the rear of the little group of strangers, leaving the Italian captain to lead his followers to the imminent outskirts of the town.

"Listen to the drums, *petite!*" exclaimed de Sancerre, gayly. "We'll dance a *menuet* in yonder city, or I am not a moonbeam's favorite son!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE BROTHER OF THE SUN WELCOMES THE CHILDREN OF THE MOON.

THE Brother of the Sun, overjoyed at the opportunity now before him to offer hospitality to guests upon whose white faces he gazed with mingled admiration and astonishment, had come in state to the confines of the forest to testify to the cordiality of a greeting that illuminated his well-cut, strong, and mobile countenance. The Great Sun, as he was called—his exact relationship to the orb of day being, to a large extent, a matter of conjecture—was an elderly man, fully six feet six inches in height, with a light mahogany complexion, hair still jet-black, and brilliant dark eyes gazing proudly forth upon a world which, from the hour of his birth, had paid abject homage to his exalted rank.

He was enthroned in a litter resembling a huge Sedan-chair, which was carried upon the shoulders of eight stalwart men in white attire, but barefooted. The four long arms of the litter were painted red, and its body was decorated with embroidered deer-skins, leaves of the magnolia-tree, and garlands of red and white flowers. His head was ornamented by a diadem of white feathers. Inserted in the lobes of his shapely ears were rings of decorated bone. He wore a necklace made of the teeth of alligators, and against the background of his raven-black hair gayly colored beads shone in the sunlight.

Behind his litter marched a mighty army of three thousand stalwart men, barearmed, barelegged, in a uniform of flowing, white, plaited mulberry bark, relieved by dyed skins, striped with yellow, black, and red, thrown across their broad shoulders. They carried bows made of the acacia wood, and arrows of reed tipped with bird feathers. Gigantic, muscular, stern-faced warriors, the army of the sun-worshippers broke upon the gaze of the astonished Europeans with startling effect.

It has been asserted that the immediate ancestors of these Children of the Sun, angered at Montezuma, had joined Cortez in his victorious campaign against that unfortunate monarch. Later on, crushed and rebellious under Spanish tyranny, they had migrated toward the north, and had found peaceful lands to their liking near the banks of the lower Mississippi. Whatever may be the truth of this, the fact remains that upon the afternoon which found Sieur de la Salle's envoys the honored guests of the Brother of the Sun, the latter's army defiled to the eastward of the city with ranks which begot in the eyes of the Count de Sancerre and the veteran de Tonti a gleam of mingled amazement and admiration. Not only were the warriors of the sun individually men suggesting prowess and endurance, but they, as a body, gave evidence of having learned, from sources beyond the reach of native Americans further to the northward, tactics indicating a European origin. If the sun-worshippers had, in fact, suffered from Spanish cruelty, they had also derived from their tyrannical allies valuable hints pertaining to the art of war. As he gazed at this army of athletes, Henri de Tonti, for the first time since he had left de la Salle's camp, felt regret for the protest he had made against the expedition which his leader had decreed. Here before him stood a splendid band of soldiers, who might be made, with some diplomacy, loyal friends to the on-pushing French.

To the mind of Zenobe Membré the martial array before him presented a magnificent collection of lost souls, well worthy, in outward seeming, of the saving grace of the cross. To snatch from the grasp of Satan so many glorious exponents of manly vigor would be, indeed, a triumph for Mother-Church. Something of this he breathed into the ear of the motionless and silent Chatémuc, who stood with the friar upon a low hillock overlooking the plain, viewing with amazement this imposing regiment, each member of which seemed to be taller by several inches than the stately Mohican.

"Look, Katonah!" cried de Sancerre, seizing the Indian maiden by the arm. "See there, at the side of his dark brown Majesty's peripatetic flower-garden, stands my aged midnight prowler! Her old face is turned up to his. Can you see her, *ma petite?*"

Katonah stretched her stately limbs to their utmost to look above the press in front of her, and presently her eyes lighted upon the shrivelled crone with whose discovery she had been intrusted by de la Salle.

"Go to your brother and keep the friar by his side until I return, Katonah," whispered the Frenchman, excitedly. "I must have speech at once with this old hag."

The sun-worshippers, pouring in throngs from their abandoned city—men, women, and children following and preceding the army in the fervor of their welcome to the white-faced Children of the Moon, who had come to them so mysteriously from the bosom of a wonder-working stream—impeded, by their respectful but exacting curiosity, the progress of de Sancerre toward the royal group. Women, scantily clad but gay with flowers and feathers, would put forth their brown hands to touch the tattered velvets of the Frenchman's travel-stained but once gorgeous costume. Naked boys and girls squirmed toward him unabashed, marvelling at the pallor of his face and the splendor of the buckles upon his shoes.

"*Peste!*" muttered the annoyed courtier under his breath. "If they but knew how hard I have to strive to hold these outworn garments to my back, they'd keep their hands away. I'll reach the royal presence as naked as a baby unless they grow more gentle with my garb." And all the time he smiled and bowed, while men and women, boys and girls, cried out in wild approval of his courtly grace.

Henri de Tonti, who had lost much of his European polish through the long friction of camps and the wilderness, had reached the Great Sun's flowery throne without winning the enthusiastic good-will of these impressionable adult children, who seemed to feel instinctively that the unbending, sallow, grim-faced Italian was less worthy, somehow, of their friendship than the fascinating, smiling Frenchman who followed gayly in the footsteeps of the unmagnetic captain toward their King. In the presence of royalty the advantage in address possessed by de Sancerre over de Tonti was emphasized at once. With curt ceremony the Italian had saluted the smiling, black-eyed monarch, and had then stood silent, gazing helplessly upon the expectant throng pressing toward the litter, in the vain hope of finding some way to communicate with the royal sun-worshipper.

De Sancerre's triumphal progress toward the throne had attracted the attention of the Brother of the Sun, and the plaudits of his subjects had led the latter to believe that the leading personage among his pale-faced guests was now before him. Falling gracefully upon one knee, the Frenchman kissed the outstretched hand of the beaming King with a flourish and a fervor which aroused the admiring multitude to a fresh outburst of delighted shouts.

"*Ma foi!* your Majesty," exclaimed de Sancerre, in French, as he arose to his feet, "the encore warms my blood like wine! I like your people! They see at once the difference 'twixt a curmudgeon and a cavalier."

His eyes rested triumphantly upon the countenance of the disconcerted de Tonti for a moment, and then looked forth upon the sea of dusky, smiling faces upturned to his. Almost within reach of his hand stood the old woman who had borne to his bedside a welcome from the Children of the Sun.

"Well met, señora!" cried de Sancerre, in Spanish, to the grinning hag. "Come to me here. Your tongue shall bind the ties of love between your King and mine."

With the quickness of perception which his bright eyes indicated, the Brother of the Sun seemed to grasp the significance of de Sancerre's last words, for he beckoned to the aged crone to approach the royal presence. With a rapidity of motion strangely out of keeping with her time-worn appearance, the old woman reached de Sancerre's side on the instant, and having made her obeisance to the throne, stood looking up at the Frenchman expectantly. To the latter's astonishment, he saw in her small, black, beady eyes a gleam of saturnine humor, which assured him that between his soul and hers stretched at least one sympathetic bond.

"Say to his Majesty, for my King, my people, and myself," went on de Sancerre, in Spanish, holding the gaze of the interpreter to his, "that our hearts beat with joy at the welcome you extend to us. Say to him that the King of kings, far beyond the great water of the sea, sends greeting to his Brother of the Sun, and craves his friendship for all time to come. This much at once; but, later on, assure his Majesty I hope to lay before him plans and projects worthy of his warlike fame, that he, your monarch, and my King of kings may know no equals 'neath the sun and moon." De Sancerre paused to give the interpreter a chance to turn his words into her native tongue. ("In sooth," he muttered to himself, as he turned to smile again upon the now silent throng surrounding the low hillock upon which the King's litter stood, "had I but shown myself so great a diplomat in France, I might have changed the map of Europe with my tongue and pen.") "And what, señora, saith the Son of Suns?"

"He answers you with words of deepest love," answered the old woman, turning toward the Frenchman from the royal sun-worshipper, whose dark-hued face glowed with the delight de Sancerre's adroitly framed sentences had begotten. "He offers the hand of friendship to your king, the Brother of the Moon, and will divide with him the waters and the lands in perfect amity. He bids me say to you that in this day the Children of the Sun find glorious fulfilment of ancient prophecies: Before the East had parted from the West, and North and South were wrapped in close embrace, 'twas told by wise, inspired tongues that some day by the waters of a boundless sea a goddess in deep sleep, sent to our people by the sun itself, would meet the eyes of roving huntsmen, wandering far afield. Our seers have told us that when she had come—Coyocop, the very spirit of the sun, our god—our race would meet our brothers of the moon, and all the world would bow beneath our yoke."

De Sancerre, impatient by temperament, and finding difficulty in fully understanding the disjointed Spanish *patois* used by the old woman, had paid but little real attention to this long speech, in spite of the attitude of absorbed interest which he had assumed, knowing that the piercing eyes of the Sun's Brother were scanning his face attentively.

"Your name is, señora—is—" he asked, as the wrinkled hag paused an instant to regain her breath.

"Noco," she answered, simply.

"Doña Noco, say to his Majesty that others of our suite are approaching the throne to lay their homage at his feet, and that I, his servant, crave further speech with him anon. Then, señora, if you love me, draw aside a pace or two, that I may have a word with you alone."

Hardly had de Sancerre ceased to speak, when through an opening in the throng made by the courteous sun-worshippers came toward the throne the gray-frocked friar Zenobe Membré, followed by Katonah and Chatémuc, side by side. The Franciscan, chanting in a light but well-rounded voice a Latin hymn, bore aloft before him a rudely carved wooden crucifix. With his large gray eyes raised to heaven, and his face radiant with the religious ecstasy which filled his soul, he looked, at that moment, to the eyes of the overwrought sun-worshippers, like a man created of shadows, bearing toward their sovereign a mystic symbol potent for good or ill.

The effect of the friar's dramatic approach upon the impressionable Brother of the Sun served de Sancerre's purpose well. Unobserved by the King, whose eyes were fixed upon the chanting priest, the Frenchman seized this opportunity to draw Noco aside. Removing from his breast the piece of mulberry bark upon which was scrawled the name of Julia de Aquilar, he asked, in a whisper which did not disguise his excitement:

"Who wrote this name? Tell me, Doña Noco, for the love of God!"

"Coyocop," muttered the hag, in a voice indicating the fear that she felt of the Frenchman's impetuosity. Her answer conveyed no meaning to the straining ear of de Sancerre.

"Tell me more, good Noco," he implored, glancing furtively at the Brother of the Sun, who had arisen to greet the on-coming Franciscan.

"I dare not—now," whispered Noco, nervously. 'Anon, perhaps, if the chance should come."

With this unsatisfactory promise the interpreter returned to resume her duties at her sovereign's side, and de Sancerre, mystified and morose, turned to watch the efforts of Zenobe Membré to dethrone the deified sun in favor of the true God.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. DOOLEY*

AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE DREYFUS CASE

THH' scene was threemenjously excitin'. Th' little city iv Rennes was thronged with desprit journalists that had pledged their fortunes an' their sacred honors, an' manny iv thim their watches, to be prisint an' protect th' public again' th' degradin' facts. Niver since th' war in Cubia has so manny iv these brave fellows been gathered together at th' risk iv their lives fr'm over-crowdin' th' resthrants. No wan has iver sufficiently described th' turrors iv a corryspondint's life excipt th' corryspondints thimsilves. Gin'rals an' other liars is rewarded. Th' corryspondint gets no credit. No wan will give him credit. Still, he sticks to his post, an' on this pearlous day he was at Rennes, fightin' th' other corryspondints, or, if he was an English journalist, defindin' th' honor iv Fr-rance, again' hersilf. 'Tis a good thing for Fr-rance that there ar-re silf-sacrificin' men that don't undherstand her language to presint her vicious nature to th' English an' American public. Otherwise, Hinnessey, she might think she was as good as th' r-rest iv us.

Well, while th' sthreets in Rennes was packed with these dauntless souls, ar-rmed with death-dealin' kodaks, there was a commotion near th' coort-house. Was it a rivolution? Was this th' beginnin' iv another Saint Barth'mew's day, whin th' degraded passions in Fr-rance, pent up durin' three hundhred years, 'd break forth again? Was it th' signal iv another div'lish outbreak that 'd show th' thrue nature iv th' Fr-rinch people disgeezed behind a varnish iv ojoous politeness which our waiters know nawthin' about? No, alas, alas, 'twas nawthin' a man cud make more thin a column iv. 'Twas th' ac-cursed janitor goin' in to open th' degraded windows. Abase th' janitor, abase th' windows! Fear followed uncertainty. No wan knew what moment he might be called upon to defind his life with his honor. Suddenly th' brutal policeman who sthud on gyard waved his hand. What cud the brave men do? They were obliged to rethreat in disordher. But our special corryspondint was able f'r to obtain a fine view iv th' thrilling scene that followed. First came th' coort, weepin'. They was followed be th' gin'rals in th' Fr-rinch ar-rmy—stalwart, fearless men, with coarse disagreeable faces. Each gin'ral was attinded be his private body-gyard iv thried and thrusted perjurers, an' was followed be a wagon-load iv forgeries, bogus affidavies, an' other statements iv Major Estherhazy. Afther thim come th' former ministers iv th' Fr-rinch gover'mint, makin' an imposin' line which took three hours passin' a given point. As they marched it was seen that they were slyly kickin' each other.

An interval iv silence followed, in which cud be heard cries iv "Abase Dhryfuss" an' "Abase Fr-rance," an' thin come th' man on whom th' lies iv all th' wurruld is cinthered. Cap. Dhryfuss plainly shows his throubles, which have made him look tin years younger. His raven hair is intirely white, an' his stalwart frame with th' shoulders thrown back is stooped an' weary. His haggard face was flushed with insolent confidence, an' th' cowa'dice in his face showed in his fearless eye. As he passed, a young Fr-rinch sojer was with diff'culty resthrained fr'm sthrikin' him an' embracin' him with tears in his eyes.

In th' coort-room th' scene baffled discription. It was

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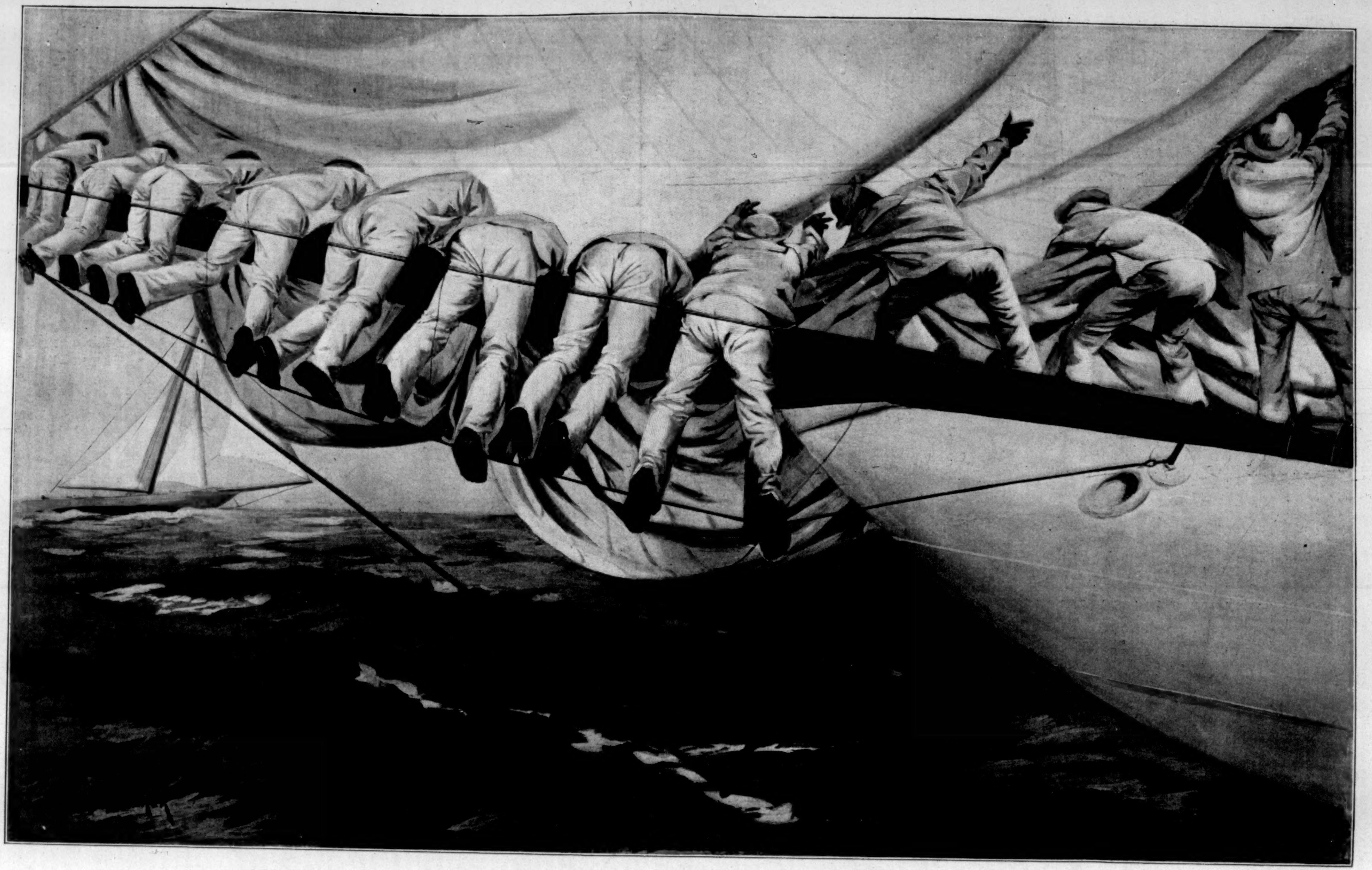
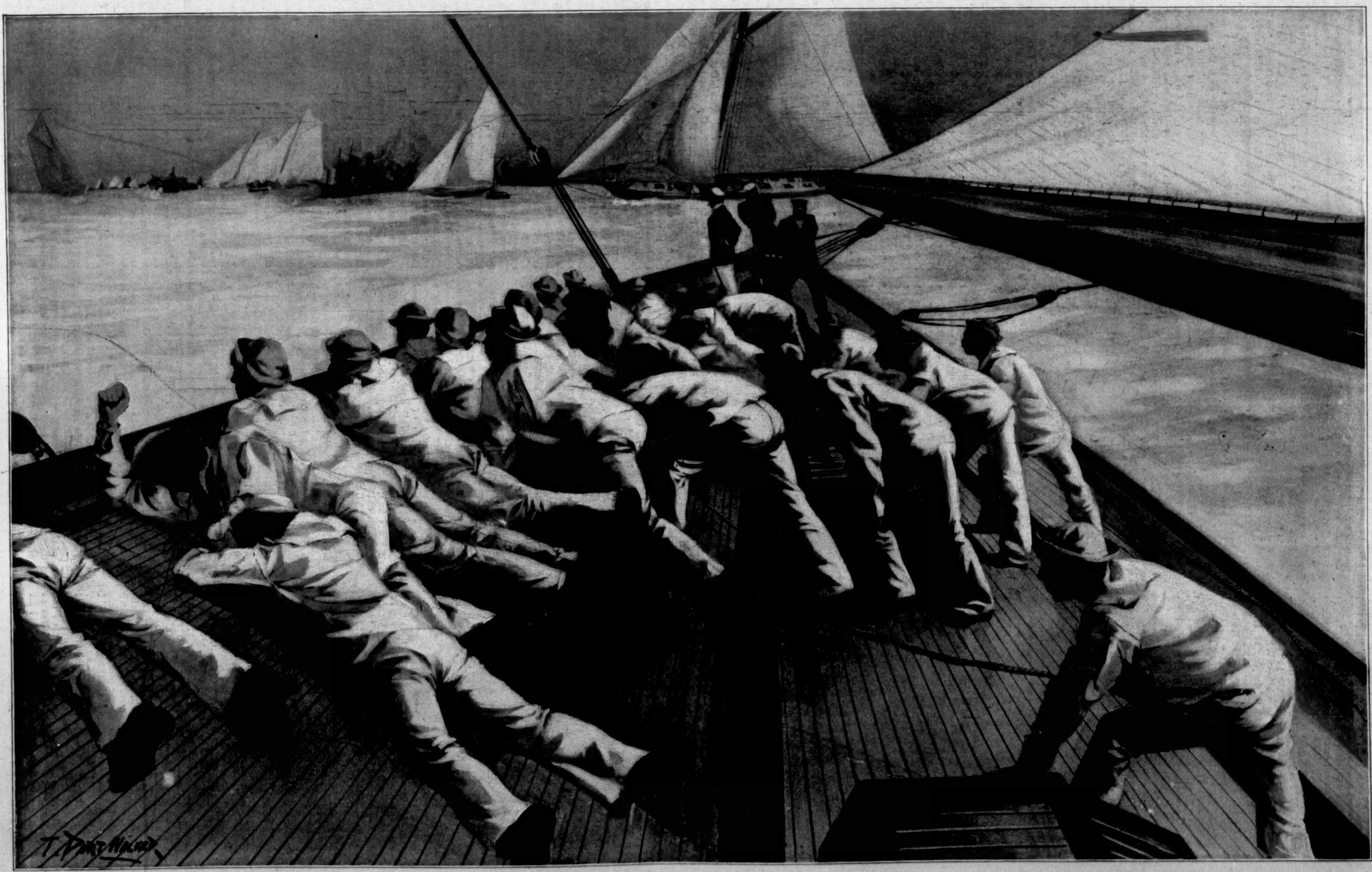


ABOARD THE CUP-DEFENDER "COLUMBIA": DRILLING THE CREW—TAKING IN THE BALLOON-JIB.

Drawn by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."



ABOARD THE CUP-DEFENDER "COLUMBIA": DRILLING THE CREW—"MOVE UP TO WINDWARD, LADS!"

Drawn by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

an inspirin' sight f'r th' judges whin they were awake. Row on row iv journalists sharpenin' pencils an' slappin' each other's faces r-rose to th' ceilin'. Here an' there cud be seen a brillyant uniform, denotin' th' prisince iv th' London *Times* Corryspondint. Th' lawn behind th' coort was thronged with ex-mimbers iv th' Fr-rinch gover'mint; th' gin'ral staff bein' witnesses f'r th' prosecution sat with th' Coort; th' pris'ner not bein' able to find a chair sat on th' window-sill. His inthrest in th' proceedin's was much noticed an' caused gr-reat amusement. Iv'rybody was talkin' about th' mysteryous lady in white. Who is she? Some say she is a Dhryfussard in th' imploy iv Rothscheeld; others that she is an agent iv th' Anti-Semites. No wan has learned her name. She says she is Madame Lucille Gazahs, iv wan hundhred an' eight Rue Le Bombon, an' is a fav'rite iv th' Fr-rinch stage. She is wan iv th' gr-reat mysthries iv this ree-markable thrile.

Afther th' Coort had kissed th' witnesses th' proceedin's opined. 'Tis thrue, they kiss each other. I wanst see a Fr-rinchman go f'r to kiss a man be th' name iv Doherty that inthrajooced risolutions in favor iv Fr-rance again' Germany at a convintion. Doherty thought he was afther his ear an' laid him out. But in Fr-rance 'tis diff'rent. They begin be kissin', an' this thrile opined this way.

"Pris'ner," said th' prisidint iv th' coort, "th' eyes iv Fr-rance is upon us, th' honor iv th' nation is at stake. Th' naytional defInces, th' integrity iv that ar-rmy upon which Fr-rance must depind in time iv peace, th' virtue iv public life, an' th' receipts iv th' exposition is involved. Incidentally ye ar-re bein' thried. But why dhrag in matthers iv no importance? We ar-re insthructed, accordin' to th' pa-apers, be th' Coort iv Cassation to permit no ividence that does not apply to your connection with th' case. As sojers we bow to th' superyor will; we will follow out th' insthructions iv th' supreme coort. We have not had time to r-read thim, but we will look at thim afther th' thrile. In th' mane time, we will call upon Gin'ral Merceer, that gallant man, to tell us th' story iv his life."

"I obey, mon colonel," says Gin'ral Merceer, kissin' th' Coort. "Not to begin too far back an' to make a long story short, I am an honest man, an' th' son iv an honest man. I admit it."

"Good," says th' prisidint. "D'ye reco'nize th' pris'ner?"

"I do," says Gin'ral Merceer. "I seen him wanst dhrinkin' a shell iv Munich beer in a caafe." (Marked sensation in th' coort, an' cries iv "Abase la bock.")

"I says to mesilf thin, 'This man is a thraitor.' But th' thrainin' iv a sojer makes wan cautious. I determined to fortify mesilf with ividince. I put spies on this man, this perfiejous wretch, an' discovered nawthin'. I was paralyzed. An officer iv th' Fr-rinch ar-rmy an' nawthin' suspicyous about him! Damnable! I was with difficulty resthrained fr'm killin' him. But I desisted. [Cries iv "Shame."] I said to mesilf: 'Th' honor iv Fr-rance is at stake. Th' whole wurruld is lookin' at me—at me, Bill Merceer. I will go to bed an' think it over.' I wint to bed. Sleep, blessed sleep, that sews up th' confused coat sleeve iv care, as th' perfiejous Shakspere [Cries iv "Conspuez Shakspere!"] says, dayscinded on me tired eyes. [The Coort weeps.] I laid aside me honor [Cries iv "Brave Gin'ral."] with me coat. [Murmurs.] I slept. I dhreamed that I see th' German Impror playin' a Jew's-harp. [Cries iv "Abase Rothscheeld," an' sensation.] I woke with a vi'lent start, th' perspiration poorin' fr'm me rugged brow. 'Cap. Dhryfuss is guilty!' I cried. But no, I will confirm me ividince. I darted into me r-red pants. I dhruv with fury to th' home iv Madame Cleepathry, th' cillibrated Agyptian asthrologist an' med'cine woman. [The Coort: "We know her. She supplies ividince to all Fr-rinch coorts."] I tol' her me dhream. She projoosed a pack iv cards. She tur-rned a r-red king an' a black knave. 'Th' Impror Willum an' Cap. Dhryfuss,' I says, in a fury. I burst forth. I had Cap. Dhryfuss arristed. I dashed to th' Prisidint. He was a-receivin' rayfusals f'r a new cabinet. 'I have found th' thraitor!' says I. 'Hush!' says he. 'If th' Impror Willum hears ye he'll declare war,' he says. I was stupefied. 'Oh, my beloved counthry!' I cried. 'Oh, Hivin!' I cried. 'What shall I do?' I cried. They was not a minyit to lose. I disbanded th' ar-rmy. I ordhered th' navy into dhry dock. I had me pitcher took. I wint home an' hid in th' cellar. F'r wan night Fr-rance was safe!"

They was hardly a dhry eye in th' house whin th' gin'ral paused. Th' Coort wept. Th' audjience wept. Siv'ral of th' minor journalists was swept out iv th' room in th' flood. A man shovellin' coal in th' cellar sint up f'r an umbrella. Th' lawn shook with th' convulsive sobs iv th' former ministers. Gin'ral Merceer raised his damp face an' blew a kiss to a former minister at wan iv th' windows, an' resumed his tistimony. P. F. Dunne.

Governor Roosevelt at the Ogdensburg Fair

SOMETHING over a year ago I sat in the private office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy endeavoring to make a sketch of his interesting personality. A tall raw-boned man was ushered in, who, before he had a chance to speak, was asked in rapid-fire order: "Married or single? Any one depending on you for support? Can you ride a horse?" To all of which he replied, slowly: "I ain't in the horse business, Mr. Secretary. I want to sell the government a canal-boat." Here we have a glimpse of two sides of Theodore Roosevelt. We know him as a ranchman, a clubman, a writer, a reformer, a soldier, and we are now observing him as the Governor of a great State.

It has been said of him that the only thing you could see Theodore Roosevelt through would be a kaleidoscope.

As a speaker to a country audience Governor Roosevelt succeeds by just the same qualities that bring him success in his other lines of endeavor. He goes right to the point, wastes no time over preliminaries, and takes as much delight in surprising an audience as he would an enemy.

He preaches the gospel of work, and not making a fuss about it. This pleases the people, because they know that he is himself one of the hardest workers in the State. Without going out of his way to be "democratic," he has a pleasing way of meeting with people of humble station, and an old soldier is sure of a hand-shake and a kindly word. Before mounting the platform at Ogdensburg he stopped to examine the medals on the breast of a stalwart old drum-major who had served through the Crimea and the civil war.

Right here occurred a characteristic incident. The fair committee had arranged the platform, with the usual stand and pitcher of water in the centre; but the Governor, finding that the dust from the race-track was likely to be annoying at that point, picked up a chair, set it in one corner, and with his left arm around a post, one foot on the chair, and the other on the railing, began his speech.

This unconventionality, which would be fatal to the dignity of some men, sits well on Theodore Roosevelt. It is merely an expression of his agile and ardent nature. The fair at Ogdensburg which the Governor attended was typical of all county fairs—exhibits of horses, cattle, and farm produce, horse and bicycle races. A few gentlemen from outside the county are present with wheels of fortune, or misfortune, as the case may be, and there are exhibits of agricultural machinery, which are, by-the-way, becoming more wonderful every year.

W. A. Rogers.

Aboard the Cup-defender "Columbia"—Making Every Second Count

IN one of the spirited drawings which Mr. Walker has made for this number of the Weekly—the illustration entitled "Up to Windward"—we see Captain Barr at the wheel, and the propriety of calling attention to him in the first sentence of our article will not be questioned by those who have considered the important part he plays in the undertaking to get the last fraction of a second of speed out of the beautiful sloop which so worthily represents America's skill in the designing and building of sailing-vessels. The fact is that while the *Columbia* is in action his authority is absolute within certain limits, and corresponds exactly to his responsibility.

To the first and second mates (who, by-the-way, have been in command of a good many sailing-boats, and may also be addressed as "captain") he quite naturally leaves the details connected with the execution of his orders aboard, and it is their duty to see that the work is done precisely and quickly; it is not even always apparent that the man at the wheel notices how his orders are being carried out, for he must concentrate his attention upon his one special task—that of sailing the boat to victory. He must keep his eye on the adversary, of course, though it is safe to say that in this matter he will be aided by Mr. Iselin and Mr. Nat Herreshoff—who, with the representative of the *Shamrock*, will be the only persons not members of the crew aboard the vessel during the races. After the sails are properly trimmed (under the direction of the first and second mates, as we have said) he must give the boat the full benefit of the breeze, by dint of that continual "pointing up" which makes her course anything but a straight line; he must prove that a straight line, though the shortest, is not the quickest path. Looking off over the water, he must see the puffs of wind coming here and there, and be prompt to steer out of his course to meet a breeze half-way, and to add every pound of its pressure to the force which is driving the vessel forward. Every minute changes may occur in the conditions which influenced his last orders, and fresh orders may be given, in his level, almost gentle, tones, very frequently indeed—just as often, in fact, as he sees that a change in sails will be advantageous. Theoretically, therefore, he should be able to assume that the execution is instantaneous, and practically he does assume that, as a result of the training which the crew has received, the changes are made in accordance with his directions with absolute precision and in the briefest possible space of time, whether they may be executed by a handful of men or require the whole crew.

Such is a bare suggestion of the responsibility and privilege of Captain "Charlie" Barr, a native of Scotland, who became a naturalized citizen of this country only a few years ago; for the rest, a typical City Island resident, and an old skipper, though still a young man—apparently thirty-five or forty years of age.

To secure rapidity in such changes as those just mentioned, a part of the handling of the sails goes on below the deck. Head-sails, except the working jib and working stay-sail, when lowered for a change, go through hatchways, which are made for the purpose of facilitating the different moves. Men belowdeck receive the canvas and tie it up in stops, all ready to be hoisted again when called for. As there are three or four sets of sails, it is of course both rather difficult and imperatively necessary to keep them all in order, but there is a place for each, and they are all very distinctly marked; the system is so thorough, and each sail is stored so carefully, that when they are to go up the sailors can lay hand instantly on the very end that should be passed out first. At present there are partitions below the deck, forming staterooms for guests, a cabin, the crew's quarters forward, etc., but all of this wood-work is to be taken out before the races, leaving one large open room, the whole length of the vessel, from bow to stern. Two of the hatchways leading into this under-deck space are forward of the mast, and here the sails are received when they descend.

It may interest the reader unfamiliar with the practice on racing-yachts to learn that the "stops" are merely lengths of common cotton string, such as is used in tying up packages. When the sail has been passed out through one of the aft hatchways and then pulled up in this compact form, at the command "Break!" the sailors haul in the sheet-rope, and, as the pressure is applied, the stops give way, one by one, but quickly, from the centre towards each end, the sail "breaks out," and a shower of white strings falls on the deck.

As for the men whose faultless performance of each task must give smoothness and success to the skipper's plans—these men from Deer Island who compose the *Columbia's* crew—they are born sailors, no doubt, in the best sense, but in another sense they do not conform very closely to the prevalent notion of the seafarer's characteristics. In the first place, they impress one as being rather serious for their class, profoundly serious about their work, and yet good-tempered withal, for they do not come of an irascible or excitable race; a notably reticent lot, too, although so far removed from moroseness that when they do break through the habitual silence it is commonly to make a joke or some shrewd observation to which they impart a jocular twist.

They do not give you the idea that they are laboring hard; the work is all cut out for them; it is systematized, and they are in sympathy with the system. Decidedly one could not rank them with the ordinary sailors on other craft, who, for the most part, appear to be at sea merely for the sake of the wages they earn. No, these Deer Island men, these *Columbia* men, believe they have the best boat in the world, and intend to prove that they have; they are working for a cause. Naturally somewhat conceited about their ability as sailors, they could not be brought to concede that any other boat possesses such an efficient crew. They are thirty-seven in number, all told, up to the time of this writing; how numerous their admirable company will be in the races the public will be informed when the official measurement of the rival boats takes place—that is, shortly before the first eagerly awaited day arrives—for all must be on board when the measurement is made. Many of the present crew of the American champion were formerly on the *Defender;* all are splendidly active and skilful. In the matter of years the range is pretty wide, for their ages vary between nineteen and forty. When the boat is creeping up to windward, these sailors, in the effort to offer as little resistance to the wind as possible, will lie flat on the deck, or, if they must be on their feet, crawl along like monkeys. "Keep down, lads! Keep down!" one hears the command. When they had freedom on shore the other day (Sunday, September 10) they did not go to the New Rochelle saloons, sailor fashion, but wandered over the fields, Deer Island fashion, looking for fruit; and so it happened that, when their blouses were bulging with apples, they came upon an open-air meeting of the Y. M. C. A., held in Hudson Park—at first two or three and then practically the entire crew dropping in—and sang hymns for hours. They were not posing; they *knew* those hymns, and sang parts correctly and lustily, bass or tenor, according to their vocal habit.

On board, the officers' orders are given to these sailors in polite form, always ending with the word "lads," as, "Haul in on the main-sheet, lads!" or, "Up to windward, lads!" though these examples fail to convey the precisely correct idea, for, in point of fact, the *Columbia's* officers employ a condensed form of expression in their directions, a code in which all have been instructed, and for each of the code signals every man knows his place. The sailors wear white canvas uniforms, black silk neckerchiefs, toboggan caps, and the softest kind of rubber-soled tennis shoes. When the boat is sailing on a long leg, and it is known that the sails will not be changed, the order "All below for a smoke!" may be given; and then one who loves to hear a fine strong Yankee accent may have good examples of it to please his ear; but there will be heard little or no cursing among the men; and, strange as this may appear, a rather marked tendency may be noticed to avoid discussion of the rival boats, or to "talk shop."

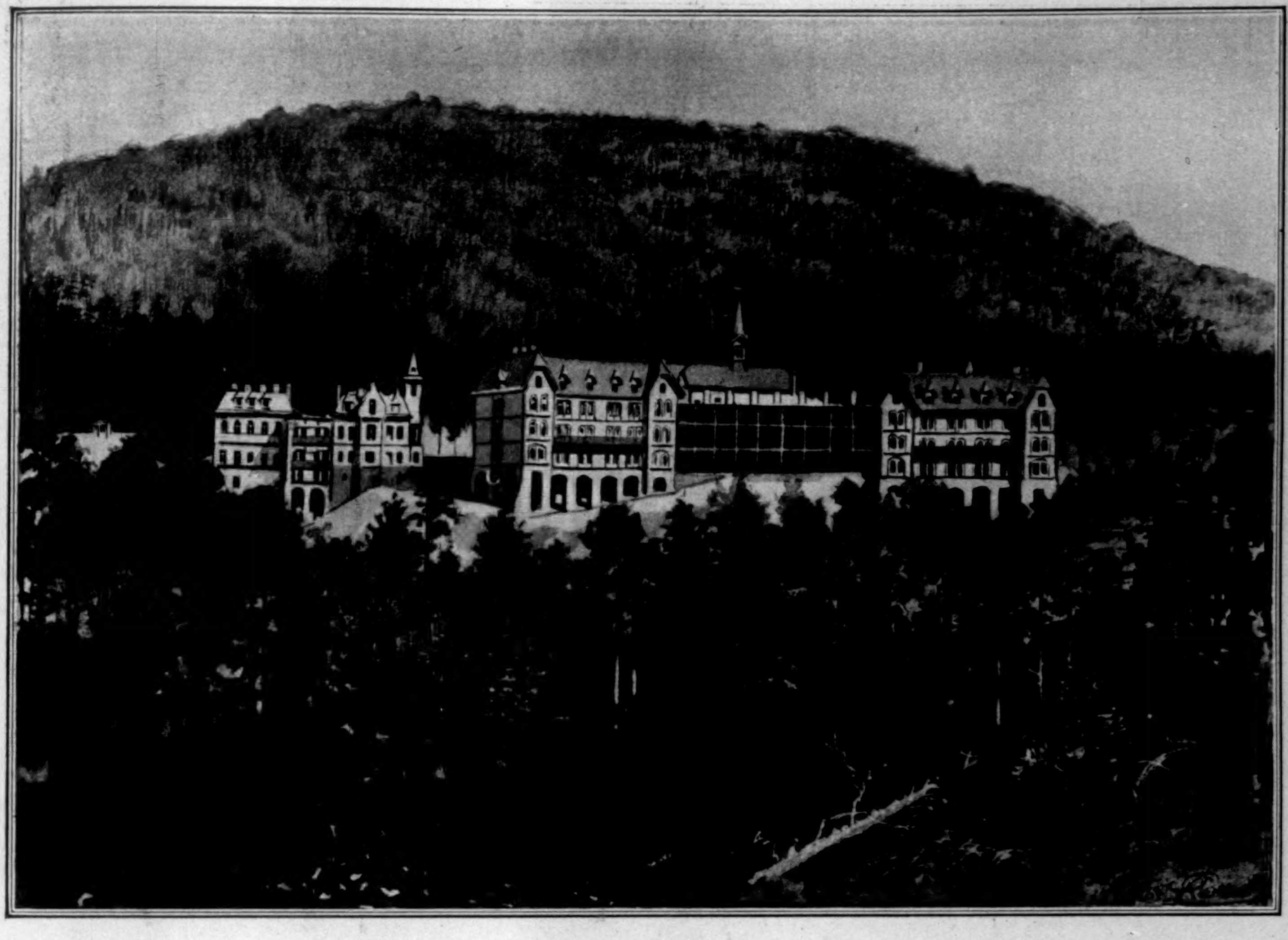
To show how scrupulously careful the managers are to attain ideal conditions for speed (or, as the phrase goes at New Rochelle, how they are "figuring on seconds"), it might be sufficient to refer to the circumstance that the spinnaker-boom is fastened along on the deck, instead of being drawn up against the forward side of the mast, as is the common practice on yachts. A more popular suggestion of the thorough-going methods, however, may be conveyed in a description of the treatment of the hull. Above the water-line they are using a paint made by a secret process, which does not suffer corrosion, and has a remarkably smooth surface. Taking advantage of every chance that offered, they have applied this Mitchell non-corrosive paint. Possibly thirty coats will have been put on before the races, and to make the surface even more glossy they will finally enamel it, giving a finish like that which one finds on the case of a first-class piano, and all this labor and expense to save, perhaps, a second. Below the water-line the bronze plates are to be polished like a piece of silver-ware. And one more point in this connection.

Not even a coil of rope that can be dispensed with will be allowed on board, the principle involved being that nothing except that famous steadying bulb of lead, which weighs ninety tons, and is placed about twenty feet below the water-line, can have the attribute of weight without reproach; for all things above the ideal is imponderability, and the heavy things which cannot be spared must be brought near to the axis when not in use. For instance, the heavy topmast slides inside of the mainmast, and is sent 'way down to the heel of the mast when the weather is so severe that topsails cannot be used.

Turning again to the illustration entitled "Up to Windward," we see the crew lying down, instead of sitting on the windward edge, as used to be the custom, the innovation being designed to offer little resisting surface to the wind when placing the weight of the men's bodies where it will be serviceable in keeping the boat on a more even keel.

The deck surface shown in this picture is slightly curved, or "turtle-back." The spinnaker-boom is lashed to the deck at the right of the picture, on the port side of the boat. As might be supposed, the covering of the hatches is removed before a serious race; and it is to be understood that these drawings represent the action during a practice spin, as witnessed by our artist on board.

The *Columbia's* second mate figures in the left foreground of the illustration entitled "Hoisting the Club Topsail"; the sailor depicted in the right upper corner is going up in a painter's chair to lash one of the club-topsail spars to the topmast after it has been hauled up by the men in the centre of the picture. In still another drawing of the series we see the action of swinging the spinnaker-boom inboard, preparatory to laying it on deck, while the canvas is being put through the hatchway and received by men below.



TUBERCULOSIS SANITARIUM NEAR ELLRICH, IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS, GERMANY.

For the Prevention and Cure of Consumption

THE International Congress for the consideration of the best methods for checking and curing tuberculosis was held in Berlin, May 24–27, her Majesty the Empress of Germany being its patroness, the Imperial Chancellor its honorary president, and the honorary executive committee being composed of a number of the highest officials of the German Empire.

The Red Cross Society, which encouraged the movement for calling this congress, and which has rendered invaluable aid to the tuberculous in Germany, was represented by the chairman of the central committee of the Red Cross and many of the prominent members of this society. The meetings of the congress were held in the Reichstag building; there were more than 2000 members of the congress, and about 225 delegates sent by 25 foreign countries and the different provinces of the German Empire.

The first paper presented to the congress, read by the president of the German Health Office, contained a review of the distribution of tuberculosis in Europe. In accordance with his well-prepared tables and statistics, the percentages of loss from tuberculosis at the present time are as follows:

Country.	Deaths per Million of Population.	Country.	Deaths per Million of Population.
Russia	3986	Denmark	1912
Austria	3625	Netherlands	1884
Hungary	3184	Italy	1871
France	3023	Belgium	1767
Sweden	2310	Norway	1737
German Empire	2245	Scotland	1727
Switzerland	2031	England	1358*
Ireland	2029		

Some of the conclusions of Professor Fränkel, Professor Loeffler, and others were as follows:

Men and animals in which tubercle bacilli are found are the source of infection for others. While the tubercle bacilli outside of the animal body are easily destroyed when they become dry and are subjected to the action of light, infection takes place very readily amongst people who live, work, and sleep in close and ill-ventilated rooms, or are associated in any way with others who are affected with tuberculosis. This infection may take place either through the skin, the mucous membrane, the digestive tract after the consumption of infected milk, butter, or meat, or through the lungs. The last locality is most readily infected by the inhalation of dust containing tubercle bacilli, or by the accidental coughing, sneezing, etc., of tuberculous individuals in the presence of those non-infected.

According to Professor Virchow, the noted pathologist, no sure data have as yet been adduced which show that tuberculosis is inherited. In all probability every case of supposed inherited tuberculosis could be traced to a direct infection after birth.

The views of Professor Bollinger of Munich and other noted authorities agree with those held all over the world by special students in this field as regards the danger of contracting tuberculosis directly or indirectly from domesticated animals. Milk should be used only after the animals furnishing the milk supply have been submitted to the tuberculin test and have been proved to be free from the disease; and the sale of milk from such animals as have not been submitted to the tuberculin test should either be forbidden by law, or it should be sold only after thorough sterilization. It is well known that milk, not only from cows that have generalized and udder tuberculosis, but also very often from cows which have only local tuberculosis, may be infected, and the continuous use of uncooked milk from such animals is especially dangerous for children and young people. The fact that tuberculosis is found so often in swine as well as in men that have been fed upon the milk from tuberculous cattle is very good evidence that the disease may be contracted. The wide distribution of tuberculosis amongst children and the localization of the disease in many cases are indications of infection by the use of milk.

If freedom from tuberculosis has once been established in a herd of cattle, every effort should be used to keep the animals under the most hygienic surroundings, and no new animals should be introduced into the herd until they have been carefully examined. The increase of tuberculosis amongst animals is not only a menace to other animals, but also to man. Tuberculosis in cattle and pigs is undoubtedly identical with tuberculosis in man. That the bacilli may undergo certain variations in appearance and virulence, depending upon their surroundings, is well known; but the careful work of Nocard has demonstrated very clearly that the tuberculosis germs in a comparatively short time become accustomed to their surroundings, and increase their virulence under changed conditions irrespective of the particular species of animal from which they were originally derived.

Referring to the methods of guarding against tuberculosis, the opinions expressed by the different authorities on the subject did not differ materially from those at present held. They served, however, to emphasize the importance of the following well-known precautions: As the danger of the wide distribution of tuberculosis depends to a great extent, as has already been noted, upon infected individuals living and working with non-infected in close, ill-ventilated rooms, or upon healthy children, especially school-children, occupying the same room as those who are infected, the greatest care should always be used in making an early diagnosis of the disease, and isolating those who may serve as a source of infection for others. In order that this may be satisfactorily done it is necessary that town laws and police regulations should be carefully enforced, as are the regulations to prevent the spread of diphtheria, scarlet fever, small-pox, or other contagious diseases. A very careful inspection by hygienists of the dwellings, factories, and schools, and places where people are crowded together should be insisted upon, and workmen should be protected as far as possible when they are engaged in such employments as fill the air which they breathe with dust and dirt. Disinfection and the cleaning of public conveyances, especially of sleeping-cars, should be carefully carried out.

The various papers presented to the congress reporting results obtained by different methods of treating tuberculosis where the individuals were confined to their homes, or where they were in sanitariums, indicated that while no certain cure has been found for tuberculosis, the scientific experiments in the line of serum therapeutics promise better results than any other, and thus may eventually lead to some thoroughly satisfactory method.

In the establishment of sanitariums for the tuberculous greater progress has been made in the German Empire than in any other country. The satisfactory results first secured by Brehmer and others in the erection of sanitariums for the treatment of the tuberculous have shown so conclusively that better results may be secured by treating the tuberculous sick in sanitariums than in any other way that the question of the necessity and importance of sanitariums is practically settled. According to a German law which has been enforced for a number of years, a very small tax is paid by each laborer and by his employer into what is called the fund for the care of the sick. In this way a large amount has been accumulated. This money can be utilized for the poor in sanitariums, and at the present time fifty sanitariums are completed or in the course of construction in the German Empire in which especial care may be given to the tuberculous. A similar movement has been started in England, and these examples should be followed by all other countries. A disease which causes annually one-seventh of all the deaths in the world should lose many of its horrors when civilized nations are united against it.

The methods adopted in the German Empire for caring for the poorer classes of tuberculous individuals in sanitariums serve a double purpose. In the first place, if the people are brought to these sanitariums in time, the disease may often be arrested, and while living in the sanitariums they are of course very thoroughly instructed in the proper methods of caring for themselves and the best ways of avoiding the infection of others. They are able, therefore, when dismissed from the sanitariums to instruct their families and neighbors in the proper hygienic measures which should be observed. While of course they do not at first thoroughly appreciate the importance of many things which they have learned, and forget some of them when they return to their homes, nevertheless they remember many important sanitary precautions, and in the course of a few years the younger generations should possess a better knowledge of hygienic measures than they could secure in any other way.

E. A. DE SCHWEINITZ.

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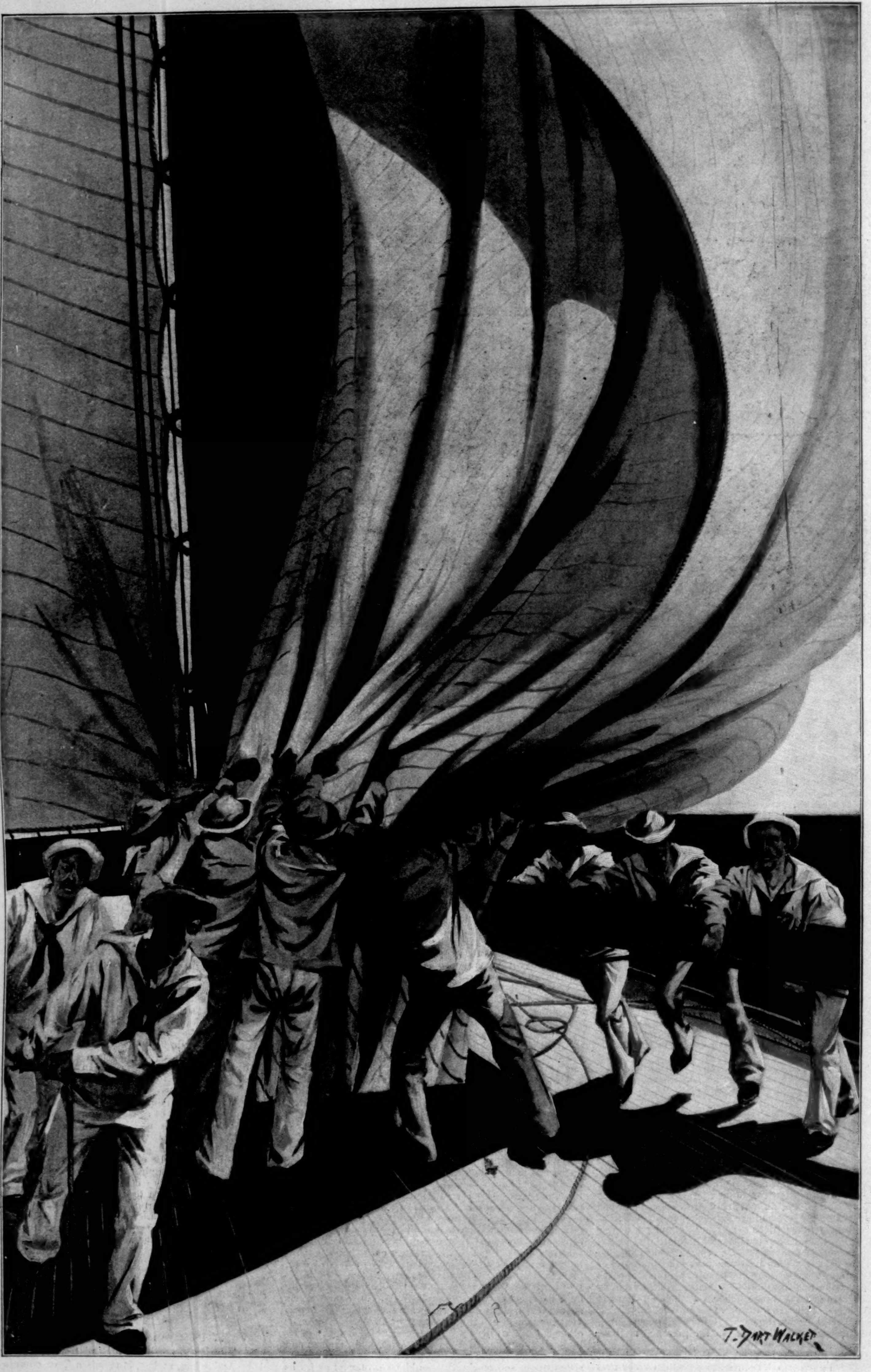
* Available statistics for the United States indicate a slightly lower death-rate than in any of these countries.

The Tree of Life

PLANT Patience in the Garden of thy Soul!
The Roots are bitter, but the Fruits are sweet;
And when, at last, it stands a Tree complete,
Beneath its tender Shade the burning Heat
And Burden of the Day shall lose Control—
Plant Patience in the Garden of thy Soul!

HENRY AUSTIN.



ABOARD THE CUP-DEFENDER "COLUMBIA": DRILLING THE CREW—TAKING IN THE SPINNAKER, SHOWING HOW THE HATCHES ARE USED TO STOW AWAY SAIL.

DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

AMATEUR SPORT

PERHAPS no previous polo season as much as the present one has so emphasized the merit in team-play. Not that there is novelty in the fact, but rather in its simultaneous discovery by so many clubs of the Association. With all grades of teams the character of tournament work this season has very materially advanced beyond the standard of a year or so ago; and this is especially true of the members of the second and third class.

In fact, in point of actual and comparative development, the lower classes have quite outpointed the upper one. All the impressive development of the season has been among teams composed of men rated at few goals on the handicap list. And this, of course, is encouraging. It has increased the number of individual players, and bettered the grade of work in club tournaments.

In respect of numbers the first class is not prosperous, but in quality of play it has never ranked so high. Such masterful skill as Westchester (Newport) and Meadow Brook have revealed in the course of their seven meetings this season has not before been reached on this side the Atlantic—nor, so far as my observation goes, on the other side, where hard hitting and steadiness and dependable team-work are the characteristics of high-class play.

We appear now to have attained all the Englishmen's deliberate strength, and added the brilliancy their work does not possess either in England or in India.

A RUSH FOR GOAL.

THE grade of polo general in India is greatly exaggerated; it is thoroughly first class, but by no means the meteoric game one hears (in England) it is.

Plentifully stocked with tales of regimental and native polo prowess in India, I was quite prepared, on my visit there last year, for the most skilful exhibition of the game I had ever beheld—but, in truth, saw no play anywhere in India better than I had seen in England and in the United States. Of regimental (English) teams there are many; of native teams, a few—mostly made up also from the regiments. They use smaller ponies than are common at Hurlinghame or with us, and their team-work is of a high order, but I could not see wherein it was better than English polo at home—in fact, to me it did not seem so good, while, in common with the home article, it lacked the dash, speed, and brilliant manœuvring of the American game.

This is all suggested by the frequent allusions I have heard at one time and another to the high quality of the game in India.

AMONG teams of the American first class—which this year is reduced to three members—the season has been made notable by the struggles between Meadow Brook and the team made up of Rockaway and Country Club of Westchester men, who are now playing under the name of the Westchester Polo Club of Newport. Despite the results of their seven meetings, which show five victories for Westchester, it is doubtful if two more evenly matched teams have played under the Association rules.

They seem destined to come together again this week on the Brooklyn Parade-ground in the final round for the Association championship, for it is highly improbable that Myopia will develop strength enough to check Meadow Brook's progress through the tournament.

COWDIN ON THE BALL.

MYOPIA is the only member of the first class whose exhibition this year has not reached expectations. Not that it has retrograded, but failed, rather, to keep pace with the development of either Westchester or Meadow Brook. And this in the face of no falling off of individual excellence.

Although Myopia won the championship in '95, it was never a team with the potential strength of either Meadow Brook or Rockaway; it is not now. But it has possibilities of much better play than it has shown this season.

A. P. Gardner, No. 1; R. G. Shaw 2d, No. 2; R. L. Agassiz, No. 3; G. H. Norman or H. H. Holmes at No. 4—is the way the team has played this year, and, with the exception of the back position, the personnel is unchanged from what it was in the team's most successful days. Nor is the new member responsible for the lack of victories in the season just closing. Either Mr. Holmes or Mr. Norman is fully as serviceable as was Mr. Fay; and Mr. Holmes, in my judgment, is more so.

YET these men as a team have not had the success attained by those of two or three years ago. This is not so much, as I have said, because of a retrogression in playing skill as it is failure to keep pace with recent developments in the first-class game. Myopia seems to have been distanced in the matter of improvement. Moreover, the team appears never able to do itself justice; for though slightly inferior, individually and collectively, to either Meadow Brook or Westchester, it is much stronger actually than its season's work would indicate.

That Myopia is capable of high-class play on occasion was shown at Narragansett Pier last month, when Devon was defeated under its handicap—which at that time did not adequately express its playing skill—and again at Hamilton, when 20 goals were scored against the steady and continuously hard-working Buffalo four.

On the other hand, Myopia made a miserably weak resistance to Westchester a few days earlier, earning only 3 goals while the New-Yorkers scored 18! It is such reversals of form that raise queries as to Myopia's ailment. Perhaps it is in the arrangement of the team. Formerly Agassiz played back, in which position he is one of the very best; now he is at No. 3, Shaw's running mate, where he is called on for an entirely different kind of game from that required formerly—and which, it must be confessed, he appears to furnish with satisfaction.

Still, those of us who remember his great work at No. 4 realize that no subsequent man has filled the position so well, and believe fewer goals would have been scored against Myopia had Agassiz been in his old place.

This, of course, is a mere impression, and may be entirely at fault—but I should like a practical test.

INTEREST this week naturally centres on the meeting of Westchester and Meadow Brook for the championship cup donated to the Polo Association as a perpetual trophy by William Waldorf Astor before he renounced the land of his birth in favor of allegiance to the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. Comparison of their records for the year suggests another victory for Westchester; and yet so nearly matched are the individuals, and so great is the team strength of the Meadow Brooks, that a victory by the latter team, though perhaps not reckoned upon, would certainly not be surprising.

In the matter of individual skill, the four men playing as the Westchester team are, except at No. 2, not only a bit stronger than Meadow Brook, but the most brilliant quartet we have yet seen on an American polo-field. Meadow Brook's chance of victory rests on possible friction due to this brilliancy, for Westchester does not invariably put up strong team-play—as we saw in the first periods of the finals at Newport last month. But when it does "hit it off," the game revealed is irresistible.

Westchester is made up of J. M. Waterbury, Jr. (6), No. 1; J. E. Cowdin (9), No. 2; Foxhall Keene (10), No. 3; and L. M. Waterbury (8), back.

On Meadow Brook are W. C. Eustis (6), No. 1; C. C. Baldwin (9), No. 2; H. P. Whitney (7), No. 3; and G. P. Eustis (6), back.

Thus there are five goals between the two teams under the handicap, in favor of Meadow Brook, but there is not that much difference in actual play—as I feel confident this week's tournament will disclose.

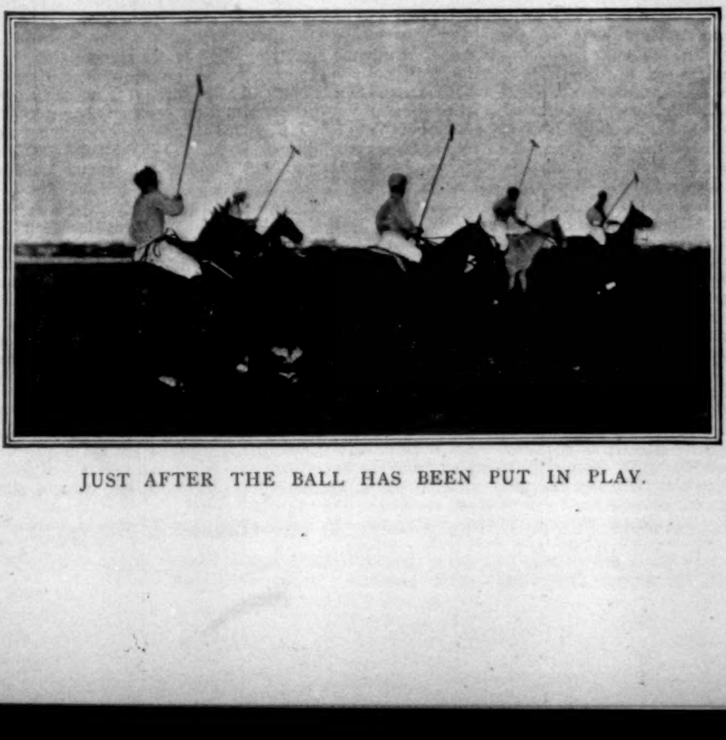
EXCEPT at No. 3, where Keene is indescribably clever and valuable to his side, it cannot be said that either team outweighs the other materially at any point. There are differences in the methods of the individuals, but little in results.

In fact, the character of the play of the two teams differs considerably. Westchester is brilliant in every position, quick as lightning, sometimes erratic, often missing connection, but always sparkling. Meadow Brook is brilliant in but one position, No. 2; and high class in the others; is always workmanlike, very quick, and rarely erratic.

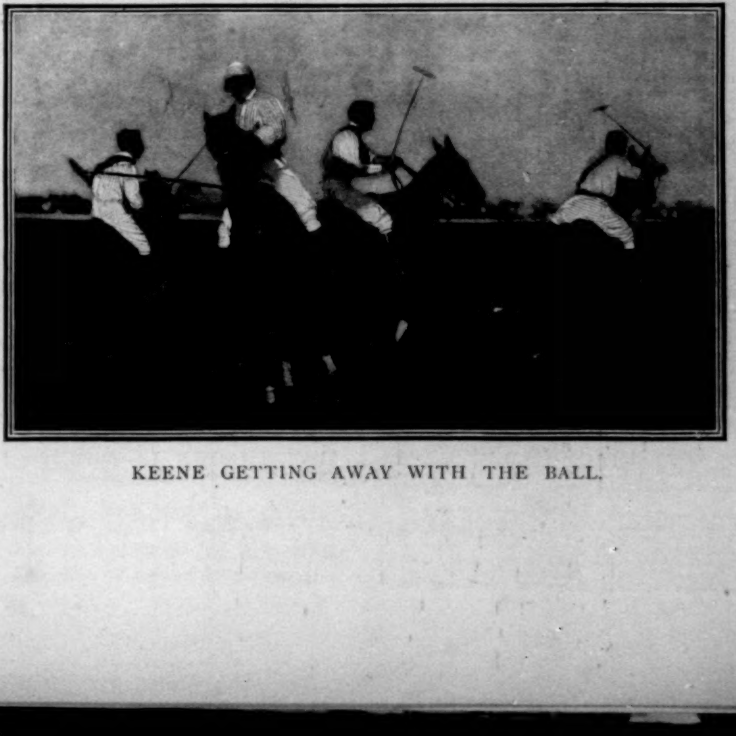
W. C. EUSTIS MAKING A RUN ALONG THE BOUNDARY.

All play with great spirit and determination; all are consummate horsemen, which makes their brilliant manœuvring possible without accident.

J. M. Waterbury, Jr., is one of the fastest No. 1's we have seen in many a time; he recalls Joe Stevens at his very best, and, like the old Rockaway player, Waterbury



JUST AFTER THE BALL HAS BEEN PUT IN PLAY.



KEENE GETTING AWAY WITH THE BALL.

Baldwin.
Keene.

BALDWIN AND KEENE COMING INTO THE SCRIMMAGE.

is not always reconcilable to the self-sacrifice entailed in persistent riding out. He is more showy in his work, perhaps, than W. C. Eustis, but rarely accomplishes more, and frequently less; for Eustis wastes no time and effort with an opponent once he has him off the ball.

In the centre positions the teams are well matched, notwithstanding Westchester's possession of those past-masters Keene and Cowdin. Surely a stronger pair seems impossible—both marvellously finished in their strokes and knowledge of the game, alert, perfectly familiar with each other's play, and Keene a veritable wizard with his mallet in close quarters.

CERTAINLY it takes a clever pair indeed to offset these two, and Meadow Brook has them in Baldwin and Whitney. Not that Whitney is especially notable—though he is thoroughly first class, and a dependable, workmanlike No. 3, particularly good on defence—but Baldwin fully supplies all deficiencies needed to bring up the average.

If Baldwin is not the strongest all-round player in this country, he is so near it, as his handicap would indicate, that one may be pardoned differing from the Association's ranking. He is a dashing No. 2 who does more than his share of riding out, and hits the ball with an unvarying strength and accuracy not equalled by any other player in America. Perhaps the most notable feature of his game is control of his strokes at all times in the very midst of the swiftest play. He never gives an opponent a breathing-spell; he is the fastest and most aggressive player on the field, and with it all keeps his head and his position, without which speed and ubiquity are hinderances, as we have seen exemplified in other players.

At back Westchester is the stronger, unless Mr. Nicoll in his best form should come to the rescue of Meadow Brook. G. P. Eustis, who has been filling the position, is a good serviceable player, on whose work no especial criticism can be made one way or the other; but L. M. Waterbury is quite a bit his superior, and his team has been greatly aided by his rapid and often brilliant work in tending his own goal and, on occasion, making a swift incursion towards that of the enemy.

Waterbury plays up nearer the game than any back on the field, and though in a less fleet No. 4 this would be hazardous, his extraordinarily clever recoveries have thus far saved his reputation for safe guarding.

Nicoll would greatly strengthen Meadow Brook; he is not fleet and brilliant like Waterbury, but deliberate and impregnable; he cannot be ridden out, and his back strokes are incomparably powerful.

WINNERS of the cup since it became the insignia of the Polo Association championship have been: 1895, Hamilton Hunt Club team—A. P. Gardiner, R. L. Agassiz, R. G. Shaw 2d, and F. Blackwood Fay; 1896, Rockaway team—J. S. Stevens, Foxhall Keene, J. E. Cowdin, and G. P. Eustis; 1897, Meadow Brook team—W. C. Eustis, H. P. Whitney, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., and Benjamin Nicoll; 1898, Meadow Brook team—W. C. Eustis, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., C. C. Baldwin, and H. P. Whitney.

J. M. Waterbury, Jr.
W. C. Eustis.
Cowdin.
Keene.
Baldwin.
Whitney.

START OF GAME—THE BALL JUST THROWN IN—THE WESTCHESTER AND MEADOW BROOK FORWARDS.

Westchester this year has beaten Meadow Brook by the following scores: 8–5, 10–8, 6¾–1, 4½–4¼, 8¼–7¼; Meadow Brook has beaten Westchester, entered as Rockaway, 6–1¾, 8¾–8½.

At all events we may depend on witnessing a magnificent struggle, with honors evenly divided, for it is any one's game.

'TIS to be regretted the polo season must end without a final settlement of second-class honors among several prominent members of that division, notably Devon, Dedham, and Buffalo. And considering this class to have furnished a great deal of the season's sport, and all the encouraging signs bearing upon the game's future development, it appears eminently entitled to more distinct recognition than it now receives.

There is no good reason with which I am familiar why a championship tournament should not be provided for the second class, and there are many convincing reasons that such an event would prove of great interest to sportsmen, and an incentive to increased practice among the players. It would be a boon to a game not now too generously supplied.

In such a tournament the events should of course be on the flat—*i. e.*, individual handicaps not considered, just as the case is in the championship at Brooklyn this week—but some eligibility proviso would of course be necessary to determine second-class limits, otherwise club rivalry would surely lead to the playing of individuals here and there who really were above the class.

This is a matter which a committee appointed by the Association would be best qualified to discuss; but, judged by this season's ample exhibitions, it would seem fair to limit the second class to teams composed of four men whose aggregate handicap did not exceed fifteen goals. Perhaps it might be wise to extend the limit to twenty goals, and establish the individual limit of second-class eligibility at five goals. But, in my judgment, fifteen goals would more nearly equalize this class as it is presently composed, though twenty is undoubtedly the more representative figure of the ideal second class, and, so soon as the average form permitted of it, should be the accepted one.

Under that arrangement a very simple eligibility rule could be made by drawing the line between five and six goal men—putting the former and all below in the second class.

BUFFALO, represented by Dr. Charles, Seward and George Cary, and C. C. Rumsey, as matters stand now, seems entitled to the honors of the second class, although there has been no meeting with Devon, and no game has been played out to the very end with Dedham. Until the Hamilton tournament, the closing week of last month, Buffalo made no appearance in play away from home; and Dedham, employing members of its first team on its second, met no defeat—although here again Devon was not encountered. At Hamilton, however, Buffalo beat Myopia second, Point Judith, and was leading Dedham 14¾ to 8¾ when game was called three minutes before time had expired.

In point of fact, not many of the second-class teams have met as such this season, everything wrongfully giving way to the first teams. Philadelphia Country Club has twice defeated Lakewood, and been in turn as often beaten by that team; it has beaten Devon, Rockaway, and the first team of its own club.

Meadow Brook has beaten Lakewood and Westchester Country Club, and been beaten by Devon. Dedham has beaten Rockaway and Myopia and Philadelphia Country Club 2d, which was so successful in the early season.

Thus Buffalo's defeat of Dedham 1st under the handicap appears to justify the former team's prominence among the successful members of the second class—though, as I have said, the make-up of second teams has varied so as to make comparisons, under club names, exceedingly difficult, and no doubt, in some instances, misleading.

DEVON'S record for the season is longer than that of any other team which played this year, and shows a larger number of victories. But it must be added in fairness that the Philadelphia Country Club occupied a large share of Devon's schedule, and that the latter achieved no victory which Dedham and others in the same class did not duplicate.

For instance—Devon beat Philadelphia Country Club five times, Westchester Country Club, and Myopia; Dedham also beat Westchester Country Club and Myopia, and Lakewood twice defeated the Philadelphia Country Club four.

This is by no means to decry Devon's success, which has been considerable and certainly well merited, but to illustrate how very little separates Devon and Dedham, and, if all were brought within the suggested provisions of a second class, to suggest how uncertain would be the struggle among Devon, Dedham, and Buffalo in a tournament for second-class honors.

Devon, in the fulness of a good sporting spirit, sent on its entry for the championship, but subsequently scratched. It would have been an ambitious effort, and would have revealed some very interesting play, but of course the contest could have resulted in one way only. Devon's position, in fact, is slightly anomalous; for, membered as the team has been this season—Messrs. C. R. Snowden (5), G. W. Kendrick 3d (6), C. E. Wheeler (6), and George McFadden (5)—they are a trifle above the second class we have been discussing—and yet not first class.

They have won the Valentine, Morrell, Alden, and Cedarhurst cups, and the honest admiration of all who follow this royal game.

It is too bad the polo year must close without a meeting between Devon and Dedham.

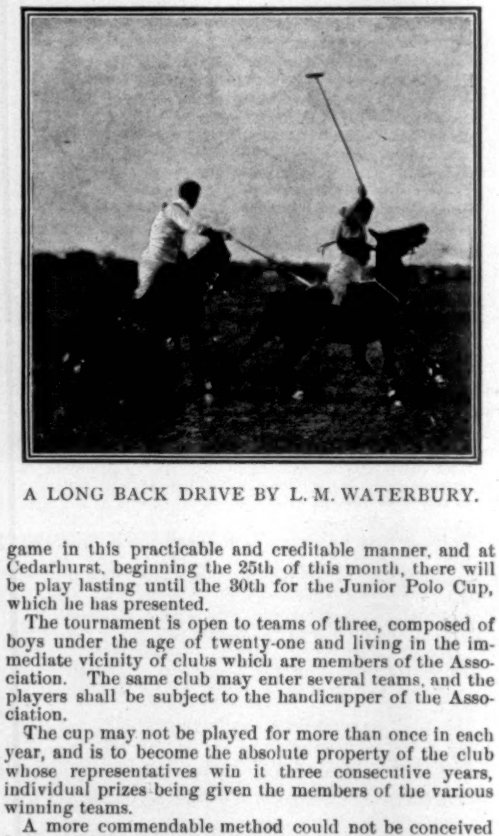
ALTOGETHER the season must be written down one of the most entertaining in the American history of the game; since May twenty-two sets of cups have been played for through the course of about sixty-six games, in which the Westchester Country Club, Westchester Polo Club (of Newport), Meadow Brook, Rockaway, Myopia, Dedham, Devon, Philadelphia Country Club, Buffalo, Lakewood, and Point Judith have been represented.

These are practically all the active clubs within reach of the Eastern circuit, Washington and Staten Island not having been represented.

In the West, especially at Chicago and St. Louis, there continues notable development of polo interest and skill, and early next month a tournament is to be arranged, in which Onwentsia, St. Louis Country Club, and no doubt Buffalo will meet. As near as one can judge from attending the play of teams so widely separated, St. Louis has four men in Messrs. Charles W. Scudder (6), S. C. Davis (5), G. H. Walker (5), and John T. Davis (4) or G. P. Doan, Jr. (3), that on the flat would give the Devonians the game of their lives.

Formerly, Chicago was quite a bit better than St. Louis, but the latter players have passed them, and seem now stronger than either Buffalo or Chicago. They were particularly fortunate in having exceptionally strong individual material, and have paid great attention to team-play—without which good class form is impossible.

ANOTHER method of developing polo interest, and assuring a higher degree of executive excellence all along the line, is through the introduction of junior tournaments. To Mr. Hazard of the Rockaway club we of the East are indebted for a first attempt at serving the game in this practicable and creditable manner, and at Cedarhurst, beginning the 25th of this month, there will be play lasting until the 30th for the Junior Polo Cup, which he has presented.



A LONG BACK DRIVE BY L. M. WATERBURY.

The tournament is open to teams of three, composed of boys under the age of twenty-one and living in the immediate vicinity of clubs which are members of the Association. The same club may enter several teams, and the players shall be subject to the handicapper of the Association.

The cup may not be played for more than once in each year, and is to become the absolute property of the club whose representatives win it three consecutive years, individual prizes being given the members of the various winning teams.

A more commendable method could not be conceived for nourishing the embryonic polo play which one may see at almost every country club where the game is entertained. Sons of members, and other sons of prospective members, need but a little encouragement and a mount to make of them real players.

In the mean time there is even a younger set—below fifteen years—that should not be neglected by country-club entertainment committees, and in whom the polo spirit may stir. For these there is bicycle polo, which assures not only much good training for the wrist and the eye, but supplies vigorous, wholesome fun for the youngsters, and no inconsiderable entertainment for the onlookers.

It seems to me country clubs greatly neglect their opportunities for sport and for the entertainment of their members. There is no end of a variety, from track athletics to polo, yet the latter and an occasional gymkhana about complete the list. Some do more, some less; none realize their possibilities.

Perhaps Mr. Hazard will come to the rescue in other branches.

JUDGING by the results of the matches between the Eastern lawn-tennis players, Whitman and Davis, and the members of the Pacific-coast first class, there is no immediate prospect of a national champion coming out of the Far West.

In a general way the meeting has shown that in mere respect of method there is great similarity between the East and West, but that in execution the best of the Eastern first class is superior in every particular to those of the corresponding class on the Pacific coast.

Whitman only in spurts played at his top form, and yet met no reverse in any of his matches, though his brilliant net-work several times made amends for his indifferent play from the back line.

He defeated the strongest players on the coast, includ-

"THE GOLFER'S ALPHABET."—By Van Tassel Sutphen.—Illustrated by A. B. Frost.—4to. $1 50.—Harper & Brothers

ing the present champion, George Whitney, in three straight sets.

Davis showed in better form than he did at Newport, and his brilliant smashes were too severe for any of the Westerners.

In fact, the only Pacific-coast player to make an impression was Sumner Hardy, the former coast champion, who beat Wright without great difficulty, and completely outplayed Ward, besides necessitating five sets in his match with Davis, which the latter eventually won, however.

In doubles California attained to considerable glory. Whitman and Wright, surprisingly enough, beat Ward and Davis, and then, in the final round, the Whitney brothers, but were in turn defeated for the coast championship by the Hardy brothers, Sumner and Samuel, in straight sets. Nor was it on account of poor play by the Easterners, but rather because of the exceedingly clever work of the Hardys, who are strong at the net and much more accurate in their driving than either of the Whitneys.

Considering by how much Whitman and Davis lead the remainder of the Eastern first class, the showing of the Hardy brothers must be regarded as notable. At least one of the Californians, Sumner Hardy, might be reasonably certain of defeating any other Easterner seen this year at Newport.

PRELIMINARY football practice continues in evidence despite faculty promises to discountenance it, and the strong sentiment against it among sportsmanly *alumni*. It is amusing to note the virtuous relish with which the sponsors of some of the offending colleges invite attention to the fact that their preliminary work is being done on their own playing field.

As though the principle of preparing for college games within college term-time was less assailed by preliminary work on the home grounds than on foreign grounds!

As though the ethics of amateur sport were less sullied by a vacation-time training-table in the college town than in any other town!

The facts are unaltered—that the men are brought together two and three weeks before college term opens, and fed at the college expense in preparation for games to be decided in college term. How is violation of the principle avoided by location of the training-table or scene of the preparation?

It is not the place where the act is committed to which sportsmen object—but the act itself.

SOME improvement, however, is apparent in the East. All the leading colleges have at least reduced the period of their out-of-term preparation. Harvard and Yale will not get their candidates together until about ten days before the college opening. Princeton will begin a few days earlier. Pennsylvania is taking three weeks.

Columbia, unfortunately, is inaugurating her return to football by a grosser offence, for her football candidates were gathered a couple of weeks ago and taken to some mountain resort, where they are being trained at the expense of their college.

In the West, Notre Dame, which but recently made such good resolutions, has had a squad of twenty to twenty-five men in training since nearly the last of August. Wisconsin began preliminary work the first week of this month; Chicago opened its training-table on the 15th. Michigan is the one large university east of the Mississippi River that will indulge in no previous (to term-time) preparation.

Last year's two weeks' preliminary training was found utterly useless—only one man of the preliminary squad made the team!

"SHAMROCK" continues tuning up, and as she discloses her paces under differing conditions, my confidence grows in *Columbia's* ability to successfully defend the *America's* Cup. This is not that the challenger reveals weakness; on the contrary, respect of her powers deepens with her every performance, made the more notable by the fact that her under-body has not been cleaned since she first went overboard, and must therefore be foul—a condition certain to retard her speed in light air.

Shamrock one day last week sailed 20 miles—10 to leeward and return—in 3 h. and 3 m., in a wind ranging from 7 to 10 knots an hour; she made the beat to windward, which the log registered as 13¼ miles, in 1 h. 45 m. 20 s., an average gait of about 7¾ knots an hour; the run before the wind of 10 miles she did in 1 h. 15 m. 30 s.

Columbia, it will be remembered, covered 33 miles over a triangular course, in 3 h. 17 m. 24 s., off Newport, in a wind never stronger than 10 knots. This is no basis for comparison, perhaps—but it is interesting.

If *Shamrock* beats *Columbia* on any point of sailing, it will be on running.

AS more light is shed on the management of the last Western Inter-collegiate athletic championship meeting the incompetency of the officials looms emphatic.

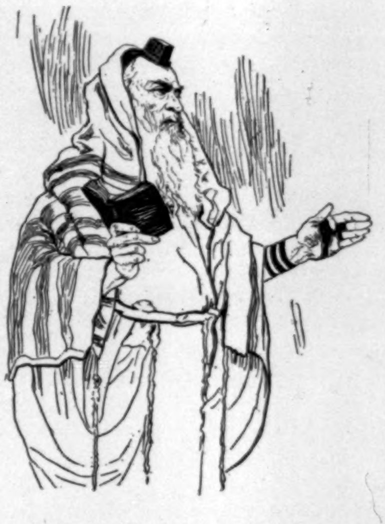
The Western association needs thorough revision, and a graduate executive committee that knows its business. This year's meeting was a disgrace to Western college sport. And as yet I have not heard of the official disapproval of either Chicago or Michigan University—by the disbarment of Malony or Barrett.

Junior Polo Cup play changed to Sept. 11–23.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

The Ghetto's Grief

MOURNING FOR DREYFUS



ROSH HASHANAH found the Jewish captain before his judges. The shofar blew in the synagogues, its every note an angel-advocate soaring heavenward to plead for the wandering people. It was New Year, one of the Days of Awe, the season of broken hearts.

When the patriarchs, enveloped in their praying-shawls, chanted the ancient hymn with which Rabbi Amnon, the martyr, sang himself to eternal sleep, there were sobs in the house of God.

One's soul revels in grief on these ten days of penance, stifled woes bestir themselves; silenced pangs clamor for tears. It is as if every sorrow which has been overlooked in the rush and scramble for bread had been put off to a time especially set aside for "hearts to have their cry out." Every Jew has his own "bundle of misery" to pray to be delivered from, but this time there was the image of a brother in Israel bent with untimely age to wring a sigh from one's breast.

The people of the Ghetto had heard the story of the man who had been degraded, tortured, crushed for a crime which another man had committed. They had been told that he suffered because he was their brother. The six Yiddish dailies of New York were filled with details of the struggle which have rent a great nation in two and turned the rest of humanity into a host of breathless spectators. Captain Dreyfus had been likened to the "birds of redemption" which the worshippers were to put to death as a ransom for themselves on the eve of Atonement day. He was the scapegoat of wicked Gentiles because he was a Jew, and every child of the Ghetto saw in his emaciated body a harrowed lump of his own flesh.

The unenlightened and unlettered, those whose imaginations had not been trained to paint people and scenes beyond the seas in the colors of their own life, gathered from all the talk about the man on trial at Rennes that "a lot of heartless Gentiles were tapping the blood of a Jew who had done nobody any harm." They were sure it was all because the race was in exile and that there was no help for it, and they sought consolation in the curses which they invoked upon the heads of the French generals.

"What is there to think about?" said a fish-wife who had been asked for an opinion on the Dreyfus case. "A plague in their every limb for every pang they give him. As if it were the first time a Jew had been trampled upon! Wait till Messiah comes round. Then our sufferings will be at an end."

Those who had learned to think and to imagine, however—the readers of the papers who had been drinking in the reports of the court martial—took something like a personal interest in the trial. For two years the face of the unhappy man had never been absent from their minds.

"Who shall be at rest, and who shall be wandering; who to remain tranquil, and who be disturbed; who shall be cast down, and who exalted?"

As the cantor sang these words in his doleful, awe-stricken recitative, the worshippers beheld an innocent man in irons over his bleeding wounds, and in the outburst of prayer which followed their voices spoke as much of the pain of a martyr in Israel as of the accumulated anguish of their own hearts.

A few days had gone by. It was Penance Sabbath in the Ghetto. The morning service was over, yet the synagogues were alive with people, the men in the vestry-rooms, the women in the "women's synagogue." With humbled mien, as befits the season of broken spirits, they were studying Talmud, chanting psalms, or reading the Book of Tears. Every minute was precious, for it was one of those days when prayer, divine study, charity, and penance will erase one's sins from the heavenly book of records, and obtain for one an enrolment in the Book of Life. Yet now and again the patriarchs would pause to listen to the noise of the street. Boys were crying English and Yiddish "extras." At a distance their voices rang stern, portentous.

"Maybe it is the verdict!" some one would whisper, as if frightened.

"God knows what news they have!"

But the noise outside did not seem loud enough, so the old men went on swaying and chanting more earnestly, more passionately than ever.

The tallest man in the group was Rabbi Jacob, "of the exile of Moscow," whence he was banished, with his numerous flock, in 1892. Stroking his gray earlocks as he rocked his stalwart figure to and fro, he was absorbed in the open folio before him.

The others joined in a chorus of soft sing-songs. Somebody asked the rabbi a question of sacred law. The venerable man proceeded to explain the point.

All at once there was an outcry in the street: "Extra! Extra!"

Silence fell over the room. Faces turned pale. The rabbi's arms dropped to his sides. He was about to send somebody out for information, but at the same moment a man came in, pale and panting.

"They have found him guilty, the brigands!" he said, with his hand to his breast.

"What? How do you know? Maybe you are mistaken?" asked the rabbi, starting to his feet, aghast.

While the new-comer was telling how he had heard the grim news read in a Gentile paper, the rabbi of the exile sank into his seat, and leaning his head in his hands, he burst into tears.

"*Oi! oi! oi!*" wailed the pious people, wringing their hands.

A bewigged head peeped out of one of the windows of the women's synagogue.

"What's the matter?" asked the matron.

The next minute the women's synagogue rang with sobs.

"My heart told me they would do it," said the rabbi, "but I would not give up hope, and now gloom and void have come upon us. It is because he is a Jew that they have sacrificed him, the murderers, yet I would weep as much if he were a Gentile, for do not the Gentiles of the world outside of France mix their sighs with ours? It is for truth and justice we are grieving. Yes, the fall of sinful France is complete. She was the most exalted; now she wallows in the mire, as it is written: 'He raises one high, and He throws one into the depths.' The higher up one is perched the more violent is one's fall. Ah, but why should the poor son of Israel be made to pay the penalty of a nation's wickedness? What has the poor child done to be tortured so cruelly? Why should our people suffer for everybody else's sins? When, oh when, will come the end to our exile?"

The rabbi's voice was choked with sobs.

A. CAHAN.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

AN EXCURSION

INTO the country, out camping, fishing, or just a picnic, will be incomplete in outfit unless supplied with Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In tea, coffee, and many summer beverages it is delicious. Don't buy unknown brands.—[*Adv.*]

AN all-the-year-round tonic that tones up the blood and gives new life to the system—ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get it from grocer or druggist. —[*Adv.*]

A PLAIN statement of facts: COOK'S IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE, Extra Dry, is superior. Its bouquet excels, its taste delights. Try it.—[*Adv.*]

AFTER a sleepless night use DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to tone up your system.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

A flat tin box does not take up much room in the pocket, is not heavy to carry and is a real convenience to all who smoke

BETWEEN THE ACTS LITTLE CIGARS

as it keeps them from breaking or drying and preserves their flavor. It does not add to the cost—10 for 10c. (at all stores) or we will send you 50, anywhere, for 50c. prepaid. This is one way to save money without loss of comfort or satisfaction.

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The soap for the every-day soap tray

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DRAMA

The Future of Daly's Theatre.

THE theatre that has so long been associated with the late Augustin Daly has passed into the hands of Mr. Daniel Frohman, and is to be the home of his Lyceum company. In succeeding Mr. Daly, Mr. Frohman modestly disclaims any intention of emulating his artistic triumphs; but that does not prevent those who know Mr. Frohman best from forming great expectations. It is an open secret that, in addition to the plays of A. W. Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, R. C. Carton, and the rest of the brilliant band of modern English writers of comedy, we may look forward to productions of our older drama. The earliest possibility is "Much Ado," with Mr. E. H. Sothern as *Benedick*, and Mrs. Sothern (Virginia Harned), who has shown rapid improvement of late, as *Beatrice*. If Mr. Daniel Frohman lacks Mr. Daly's artistic spirit—and it is far from certain that he does—he assuredly lacks the captious and erratic temperament that prevented Mr. Daly from being a really great classical manager. More than any other metropolitan purveyor of plays, Mr. Frohman bends the spirit of commercial speculation in the direction of dramatic art. His efforts in his new field will be facilitated by his close association with his brother, Mr. Charles Frohman, and with the so-called theatrical syndicate in general. In future we may look to his theatre as the scene of such excursions into classical drama as was made last spring when Miss Maud Adams, Mr. William Faversham, and Mr. James K. Hackett appeared in "Romeo and Juliet"; and it is altogether likely that Daly's (it is a good omen that the name is unchanged) will come to stand for all that is best in English and American drama, both old and new.

The Taming of a New Woman.

Meantime Mr. Charles Frohman has taken the Lyceum for the production of "Miss Hobbs," a new play by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. The central idea of "Miss Hobbs" is capital. *Miss Hobbs* (Miss Annie Russell) is a young woman of the kind called new, who has been bred by a maiden aunt to despise all males and to wage war on matrimony. She succeeds so well that she breaks an engagement and separates a young married couple; and in so doing she rouses the interest of one *Kingsearle* (Mr. Charles Richman), a young bachelor friend of the husband's. *Kingsearle* manages to get *Miss Hobbs* into a position where he can force her to cook his luncheon on his private yacht, and a Robertsonian scene ensues in which he explains to her the philosophy of life: man's existence is in work, woman's in bearing children, and the mainspring of all is love. In the end, of course, *Miss Hobbs* marries *Kingsearle*. We have here the excellent story of *Katharine* and *Petruchio* done over into terms of modern life.

Purple and Coarse Linen.

The working out of the scenes has not an altogether Shaksperean felicity. *Kingsearle's* exposition of the whole duty of woman is so priggish, and is delivered with such brutal swagger, that it would convict a Chesterfield of cockneyism; and its natural effect would be to turn an *Imogen* into a shrew. The main scenes of the play, moreover, hinge on a bet *Kingsearle* makes that he will kiss *Miss Hobbs* in one month's time; he records this bet in a notebook, along with other sporting wagers. At any other time and place all this might pass; but if ever an occasion offers for appearing in purple and fine linen, both corporeal and spiritual, it is on first nights at the Lyceum Theatre. As for this department, it is not a betting department, neither does it lay stress on its spiritual fine linen; but it begs to depose that, when the wager was made, a cold sweat seemed to fall on the audience. It is true that in the last act the hero owns his error and indulges in an embarrassed explanation of it; but this tardy operation of his sense of decency cannot undo the painful impression of the preceding acts, and what little he finds to say in excusing himself is stupider and more banal than the original lapse from manliness. It would be easy to arraign the play on the offence of cockneyism in the first degree.

ANNIE RUSSELL AND CHARLES RICHMAN.
The Result of *Kingsearle's* Dissertation as to the Complete Housewife.

The Value of Dramatic Construction.

I am not quite sure that this would be just; at least I have in mind another hypothesis to account for the bad manners. For example, if *Kingsearle's* character and intentions had been made clear to the audience from the outset, all he does might have seemed consistent, and perhaps natural, and therefore not wholly revolting; and surely his most estimable philosophy of life might have been borne in upon *Miss Hobbs* in some vital and inevitable manner—without the aid of top-loftical preachments. I suspect that the main trouble with the play is a lack of that fine adjustment of a dramatic idea to scenic expression which is technically called construction. Certainly, except for the lapses noted, the play is admirable. The essential spirit of the whole is true to the deepest and soundest human instincts, and situation after situation is irresistibly funny in Mr. Jerome's best vein, and in a manner altogether legitimate. Many a comedy with infinitely more skill of characterization and construction is infinitely less wholesome and amusing; but for the lack of sound characterization and solid construction "Miss Hobbs," wholesome and amusing as it is, cannot be regarded seriously as dramatic literature.

Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Russell.

Whatever distinction the play has is given it by the actors. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, so long associated with the company of the late Augustin Daly, was welcomed with a burst of rapturous applause. Many a case-hardened theatre-goer must have felt a tightening of his collar; and it seemed all the dear lady could do to control her voice far enough to take up the lines of her part. If anything could add to the pleasure of such an occasion, it is the fact that she so fully deserves the admiration and the love that were given her. Her part—a shrewd and positive, but kindly maiden aunt bent on helping the young lovers out of their troubles—is altogether sympathetic. Her enunciation is sprightly and pleasant, and she gains her effects with masterly certainty. Above all, she has breadth and mellowness of feeling—without which, I had almost said, there is no true comedy. Miss Annie Russell's welcome was of the same kind, and bespoke the same quality of affection. As usual, however, she was handicapped by her part. Neither the academic superiority of *Miss Hobbs's* manner in the opening scenes nor the growing womanhood of the later ones was accurately denoted in the dialogue; and there were passages in the action that were inherently in bad taste. But Miss Russell's skill went far to give the part a semblance of reality; her denotement of vexation and anger lifted a scene or two to the height of genuine comedy, and her shadings of expression throughout, and the exquisite sensibility they expressed, belonged to the atmosphere of the purest drama. Yet one's final sense was of depravation. At her best Miss Russell has a blending of emotional humor and of quiet sadness—the large, thoughtful, amused sense of living that belongs only to the rarest natures; and this has never as yet had full scope in the parts she has played. When an adequate part is written for her there will be the double consolation that we shall have also a playwright who is a poet. And if her life is as long and as full as Mrs. Gilbert's, she could not play too many such parts.

MRS. G. H. GILBERT.
"Oh! Drat that roof of yours!"

Tears, far from idle Tears.

"The Tyranny of Tears," by Haddon Chambers, which Mr. Charles Wyndham played so successfully last season in London, and which Mr. John Drew and the Empire company are presenting on Broadway, has all the virtues of characterization and construction that "Miss Hobbs" lacks. The play is presented with such masterly dramaturgy and lifelikeness that not a character nor a situation is for a moment in doubt. *Mrs. Parbury* (Miss Isabel Irving) is a charming and impulsive young wife, whose command of the fountains of woe has enabled her to impose her slightest whim and desire on her masculine and indulgent husband. In her jealousy she has cut him off from his man friends, one by one, and reduced him to such subjection that he is an object of pity even to his stenographer (Miss Ida Conquest). When *Parbury's* last bachelor friend is routed, the stenographer, in a fit of girlish and wholly innocent pity, kisses *Parbury's* photograph, and is discovered in the act by *Mrs. Parbury*. Without explaining her reason, or lack of reason, *Mrs. Parbury* demands the stenographer's dismissal. This is the last straw under which *Parbury* gets his back up. The rest of the play is a very skilful, sane, and convincing portrayal of a family row, with all its humors, in which *Parbury* gravely and delicately makes his will felt. If the play does not succeed as it deserves to, it will be because it makes the eternally womanish nature squirm; but it is so true and searching that nobody but the eternally womanish could fail to have great joy in it.

The Word and the Action.

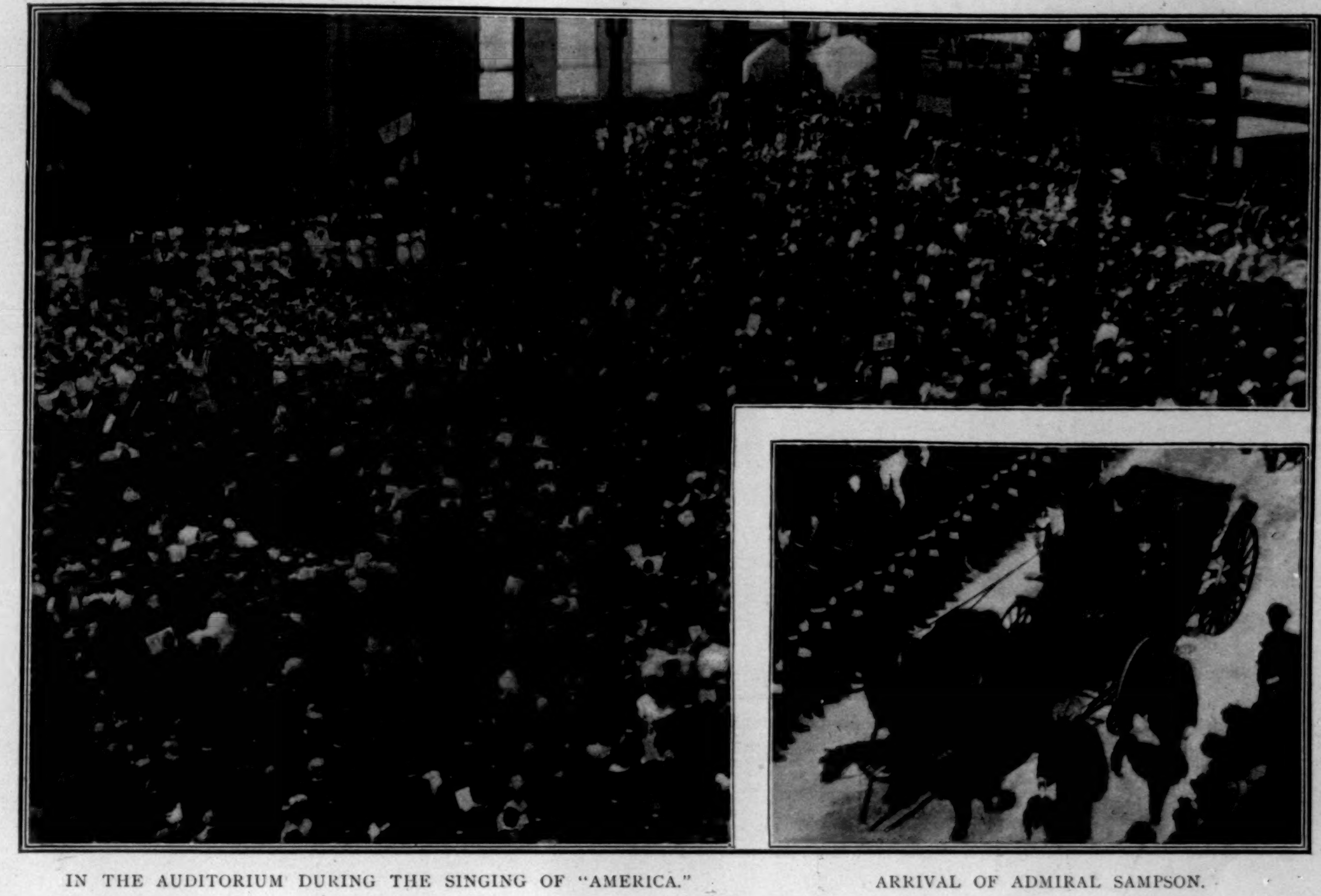
If the play has any disqualification I should say it is the acting of the young women in it. Miss Irving seems still to be under the influence of Mr. Daly, and perhaps of Miss Ada Rehan; and excellent as her manner might be in classical comedy, it lacks the *finesse* required for a comedy of modern manners. Her enunciation is as formal and measured as if she were speaking verse, and every point has the air of being aimed (according to the good old rule) at the last man in the balcony. Perhaps I am pampered in the excellent seats I am sent by an interested management—I resent the favor Miss Irving fires over my head at that man in the balcony. Miss Conquest's intention is better, but for me at least she lacked skill and variety in denoting the moods of her part. It was not perfectly clear, for instance, just why she kissed *Parbury's* photograph. I think my guess at the motive is right, but I did not reach it until the play was done. It is but just to add that in the English production also this motive was obscurely rendered, and it is a pleasure to admit that Miss Conquest looked so simple and fresh and wholesomely charming that only the most favorable construction was possible. And she showed such good taste in liking Mr. Drew! Over and above the distinction of his manner and the mastery of his technique, it is a pleasure to feel again his robust and hearty manhood. Some day, perhaps at the new Daly's, he will return to the larger field of old drama, in which he gave so much greater promise than even his high achievements in society comedies have fulfilled.

Here I am at the bottom of the page again, with not room to say a word about Mrs. Fiske's glorious production of *Becky Sharp*. But I shall gain something, I hope, by saving the play to treat side by side with the dramatization of "The Tale of Two Cities," in which Mr. Henry Miller is appearing.

JOHN CORBIN.

ANNIE RUSSELL.

IDA CONQUEST AND JOHN DREW.
One of the innocent Causes of Tears.



IN THE AUDITORIUM DURING THE SINGING OF "AMERICA."

ARRIVAL OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

The National Export Exposition at Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, *September 14.*

THE National Export Exposition is open. The buildings are finished, and three-fourths of the exhibits are in place, but it will be a week at least before all of the machinery is moving.

It was the ambition of the officers of the Commercial Museums and of the Franklin Institute, under whose auspices the exposition is being given, that the opening should not be delayed an hour from the time set months ago. Escorted by the United States Marine Band and two hundred and fifty marines from the North Atlantic squadron, Vice-President W. W. Faulkrod of the exposition, Governor W. A. Stone of Pennsylvania, Mayor Ashbridge of Philadelphia, Admiral Sampson, Captain Jewell, Captain Sigsbee, Captain Taylor, Captain Chadwick, Captain Train of the navy, and the others of the official party set out from the City Hall for the grounds shortly after 11.30. It was an hour later when they arrived and the ceremonies began.

Into the auditorium, built to hold five thousand persons, eight thousand had crowded, and so wild was the scramble for seats that the guards had been swept away. In this crowd order was maintained with difficulty.

One feature of the exercises was an excellent chorus of six hundred voices. Vice-President Faulkrod turned the exposition over to Director-General Wilson, who, in accepting it, told of its objects and of the good he hoped it is destined to do. Addresses were made by Governor Stone, Mayor Ashbridge, William P. Hepburn, chairman of the Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House of Representatives.

A message was read from President McKinley declaring the exposition open, and congratulating the management upon the immense scope it covered, and the ceremonies were over.

The exposition contains the most complete collection of domestic and foreign manufactures that have ever been brought together. Agents have scoured every quarter of the world for some new foreign need which America could supply if it only knew of its existence; the entire consular service of the United States has been busy for a year. Now samples of materials in use in Zululand rest side by side with those from Japan; Russia shares a section with Chile, and India with Mexico.

Not a single country on the globe is unrepresented in this heterogeneous gathering of the world's necessities. And to bring them to one spot for the edification of the men who manufacture to sell abroad, the government has spent $50,000. The exposition management has invested as much more. This is in addition to the $100,000 collection already owned by the Philadelphia Commercial Museums.

There are more than one thousand domestic exhibits from all the States gathered in the buildings. The locomotive-builders, who conquered their European competitors on their own ground, exhibit largely; electric cars which will run in Germany have as neighbors vehicles built to travel on the roads of southern Africa. Bridge-makers who have contracts for steel structures in India and in Africa have examples of their work on view.

The superiority of the American over the foreign automobile is demonstrated exhaustively. Nor is the farmer of a dozen countries forgotten. Ploughs which an Indian ox may drag stand next to others built for use in China. Harrows so delicate that a child might draw them are in the same exhibit with threshing-machines. Every class of manufactured articles is here.

The Commercial Congress is to be opened in the exposition auditorium by President McKinley on October 10. Through the co-operation of the State Department at Washington, foreign governments themselves have become vitally interested, and have sent representatives. More than three hundred chambers of commerce of all parts of the world have delegates here, or coming.

The buildings are in two groups, covering nine acres of ground. The main group of five is arranged so as to form one imposing structure 400×1000 feet in its extreme dimensions. Three of these pavilions are permanent and are two stories tall, with very high ceilings. The permanent buildings are connected by temporary structures, the one between the northern and central wings being 300×297 feet in size. In the latter is the auditorium, 200×140 feet, in which the opening ceremonies were held. Between the central and southern wings there is an exhibition-hall 383 feet long by 297 feet wide. These temporary buildings are connected with the permanent pavilions by immense arches.

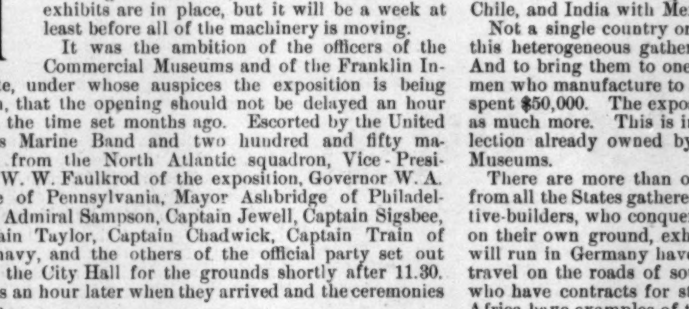
At the rear of the main buildings are two much smaller structures which are devoted exclusively to implements, vehicles, furniture, and transportation.

While art is not the purpose of the Export Exposition, it has been recognized in the construction of the pavilions. Built of brick and covered with plaster laid over papier-maché, they glisten in the sunlight like polished marble. The cornices, screens, panels, and friezes are the designs of skilled sculptors, while here and there are gigantic figures in allegory. Above the main entrance to the exposition buildings, with its massive columns and porticos, a large pediment contains a group of thirteen figures representing Commerce. Other pediments typify the four continents, while still others are symbolical of Transportation, Navigation, Labor, and Electricity.

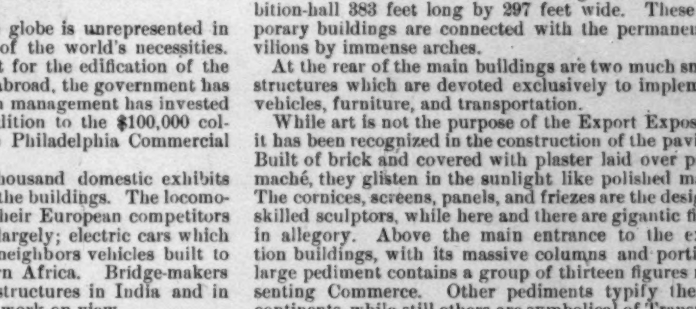
These buildings cost one million dollars to erect. Of this amount Congress appropriated $300,000, with the understanding that the permanent buildings were to become, after the exposition, the home of the Commercial Museums. The balance was subscribed in this city.

To relieve the exposition of its seriousness and to give it a lighter vein, a "midway" has been provided. Eastern theatres stand on either side of this avenue; a Chinese village inhabited by Celestials admitted to the country for the particular purposes of this exposition is a feature, and a darky plantation, with its log and mud huts, reminds one of the South before the civil war.

T. V. RANCK.



THE MIDWAY—FROM THE MAIN BUILDING.



MAIN BUILDING.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

THERE cannot be doubt that the interest in geography has increased in very important measure among Americans during the last two years. Our war with Spain and its consequences have made it necessary for every newspaper reader to know the lay of the land in both the East and the West Indies. The Caribbean Sea and its borders have become a region of lively importance to us. The two canal routes across Central America are matters of immediate consequence. Recent commotions in Samoa have drawn our eyes thither. An island called Guam is somewhere, and it is our business to know where. The Hawaiian Islands are now included among our responsibilities, and we ought to know at least as much about them as we know about Alaska. Alaska itself is not so familiar to us as its new importance as a gold-mining country entitles it to be. It affords a boundary question the settlement of which we must follow; and there are seal islands near it which we have need to place, and a long coast-line to follow and keep in mind. Moreover, all Africa and northern Asia are the geographer's fields just now. The north pole is being sought with more persistence and shorter breathing-spells than ever before, and the south pole has lately become its active rival as a goal of adventurous voyagers. We are likely to become as interested in exploration as our cousins the British are, and our National Geographic Society in Washington may fairly aspire to be a rival of the famous Geographical Society of London. Our society is already more active and serviceable than most reading Americans know. It publishes an illustrated monthly, the *National Geographic Magazine*, which, while perhaps not adapted to wide popular circulation, ought to be found in all libraries and clubs, and on file in the offices of newspapers, as well as in the hands of persons who really care to be abreast with the times. Alexander Graham Bell is president of our Geographic Society. The society's headquarters are in Washington, and it has 1700 members, who pay membership fees of five dollars a year. These members receive the magazine, which is sent to other subscribers for $2 50 a year. It probably contains more matter of popular interest than any other scientific publication. Its pictures—reproduced from photographs—are highly interesting; its maps are timely and valuable; its articles give fresh and accurate information of the most recent discoveries and explorations, and of outlying districts to which events may have attracted the attention of Americans.

THE steamer *Windward*, from Eetah, North Greenland, which arrived at Brigus, Newfoundland, on September 10, brought news, which in the main was satisfactory, from Lieutenant Peary. He froze both his feet last winter and lost some of his toes, but had recovered, and was not disabled. Lieutenant Peary, as will be remembered, went northward by the passage between Greenland and British America, through Davis Strait, Baffin's Bay, Peabody Bay, and so on to Cape Sabine and places which won't be on the map until he puts them there. The *Windward* was ice-bound in Allman Bay, fifty miles north of Cape Sabine, from August 18, 1898, to August 2, 1899. Ten months of that time Lieutenant Peary was in the field exploring along the coast, in Ellesmere Land and Grinnell Land. In December he sledged north 250 miles to Fort Conger, the headquarters of the Greely expedition, and it was on this trip that he froze his feet. That misfortune laid him up for six weeks. He is sending home, either by the *Windward* or the Peary Arctic Club steamer *Diana*, which follows her, original records and other property of the Greely expedition. He left four tons of provisions in convenient places along the route northward. He will spend the winter at Eetah, on the east side of Smith Sound, six miles north of Cape Alexander, and in February will begin to get his dog-teams ready for a trip to the north.

NEWS of the colleges begins to appear again. Yale and Amherst are getting ready to inaugurate their new Presidents. All the colleges, of course, have been looking about for new endowments, and Brown is making a particularly energetic effort to raise $2,000,000. Three hundred thousand dollars of it have been subscribed on condition that the rest of the $2,000,000 is raised, and Mr. John Rockefeller has promised $250,000 on condition that $750,000 is given by others. Now the intention is to induce the subscribers of the $300,000 to make their gifts on the same terms that Mr. Rockefeller has made for his. If that can be done, Brown will doubtless acquire the two millions.

THE first prize in the competition for plans for new buildings for the University of California has been awarded to M. Bernard of Paris. The competition, as will be remembered, was instituted two years ago at the cost of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, who has spent about $200,000 on it. The plans call for a total expenditure of about $15,000,000. It is not yet generally known what buildings will be undertaken at once, and how much money will be available for carrying out all these plans. No doubt, however, Mrs. Hearst intends to do some building. The competition, because of its importance and method, and because it was open to architects of all countries, has been of unusual interest. We shall want to see the plans when they are published, and when they are carried out we shall want to see the buildings.

A prize of $4000 was awarded to Howell, Stokes, & Hornbostel, of New York, and one of $3000 to Des Pardelles & Codman, of Boston.

HARVARD'S new Phillips Brooks House, in the corner of the college yard, will be ready for use when college begins, and its uses are so novel that the immediate future of the building will attract much attention. The new house is a building of brick and granite, about seventy feet by forty, three stories high, and cost $50,000. It is to be the home of the religious societies of Harvard, but the intention goes beyond that, for through them and as far as its capacity goes it is to serve the whole university. It is a club-house, with kitchen, dining-rooms, reception-rooms, and the meeting-rooms of the various religious organizations. On the top floor is a large lecture-room for meetings. The effect of such a building on the somewhat amorphous social life of Harvard will be worth watching. It will realize in a limited degree some of the hopes of the projectors of the wished-for Harvard University Club.

THE grave and complicated controversy over the laying of the corner-stone of the new Post Office in Chicago is reported to have been settled. There were two serious bones of contention. It was first proposed that the corner-stone should be dressed at Hallowell, Maine, where the quarry is. The Chicago stone-cutters made vehement objection to this, and demanded that the stone should be cut in Chicago. John Pierce, the contractor, would not agree, and then there was trouble, which Henry Ives Cobb, the architect, alleviated by inducing an agreement that the stone should be cut at Hallowell by union labor paid at Chicago rates, which are higher than union rates in Maine.

The next difficulty, as stated by the newspapers, concerned the President, whom it was desired to have lay the stone. He was not a member of the Bricklayers and Stonemasons International Union No. 21 in Chicago, and it stumped President Gobbins of that union to see how he could be permitted to handle a trowel in Cook County. It was suggested that he be made an honorary member, and that will probably be done, though it is disclosed that his membership will only entitle him to set union-cut stones, and if he lays any other sort anywhere hereafter his card will be taken away, and a strike declared on any building on which he gets a job.

It is evident that the President will have to walk a chalk line in Chicago.

THE closing of the Providence Railroad Station in Park Square in Boston on September 9 was an event that calls for something analogous to an obituary notice. It was a station which for twenty-five years gave entire satisfaction to its patrons. So far as known, no one ever wished it to be different from what it was. It had everything that a railroad station ought to have, and all its various rooms and offices were where it was most convenient to the public to have them. There have been, and are, a good many bigger and handsomer railroad stations in the country, but it is doubtful if there has ever been one in any American city that so fully realized the aspirations of its patrons as the Park Square station in Boston. It was more of a credit to Boston than her Art Museum building; it beat her Library in fitness for its work, and it rivalled her Trinity Church in its power to stir grateful and pious emotions in the mind. It has been closed because its business has been transferred to a new Back Bay station, and to the vast new South Terminal, out of which emerge daily 737 trains bound West and South, doomed, some of them, to penetrate as far as the animating bustle of New York and the jostling fury of Chicago.

IN the course of his article on the Germans and the Americans, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Dr. Hugo Munsterberg says,

> The one living American whose personality most closely resembles that of Emperor William is the brilliant young Governor of New York, whom many Americans hail as the future President.

The likeness has suggested itself to other observers, and though not important, is interesting.

Both of these rulers are now concerned with canal questions. Governor Roosevelt has a canal scandal, more or less, on his hands, and besides that (which has no very serious possibilities in it for him) the large and serious question of the future of the Erie Canal is very much in need of some settlement, and may be thrashed out during his term.

The German Emperor's canal complications are very much livelier. As before set forth in the WEEKLY, he has bent himself to the realization of the Midland Canal project, the object of which is to connect the Elbe,

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Rhine, Oder, and Weser rivers, so as to connect by continuous waterways the northeast and southwest extremities of Prussia. The Agrarian party in Germany, which is the party of conservatism and the chief parliamentary reliance of the empire, believes the canal system would be injurious to the farming interests of Germany, and are obstinately opposed to it. So the Emperor in this matter is at loggerheads with his own, and as he has no idea of abandoning his intentions, the fight that he has on his hands promises to require a large share of his attention for a good while to come.

ONE of the newest privileges that has accrued to Woman is the right to have her life insured on even terms with Man. We all think we know, without asking for statistics, that woman's stay in this world is as enduring as man's. We know there are some risks—such as child-bearing—to which she is exposed and from which man is exempt, but we know her habits, on an average, are rather better than man's, and that her life is somewhat less exposed. Yet for some reason the life-insurance companies have looked askance at her, and preferred not to risk their money on her prospects of living, unless they got larger premiums than men pay. At last, it seems, they are coming to a better mind on the subject. Some of the strongest companies have lately determined to insure women at the same rates as men, though with certain limitations which the accident of sex seems to warrant. Married women are not considered safe risks for five years after marriage, and women under twenty and over forty-five are excluded; but in the main the more progressive companies are insuring women and men on the same terms. No doubt this change of heart in the companies will increase life-insurance among women, though as long as the man continues to be regarded as the chief source of family support, the bulk of insurance will be placed on him.

THERE will be great regret at the death of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Of all the rich men in the country who were his contemporaries, there was none more respected than he; none whom the mass of his countrymen felt to be guided by a higher sense of duty or a more conscientious regard for the obligations of his position. As the head of the Vanderbilt family and heir to a vast property, he was one of the best-known men in the country, and wherever he was known he was known as a good man, whose influence in the world was on the side of religion and righteousness and commercial integrity.

A CHICAGO despatch credits Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews with the opinion that Dreyfus is probably guilty, since it does not seem credible that the French court which found him so could have stooped to pronounce an unjust verdict. Dr. Andrews seems to have an unusual gift for the entertainment of unexpected opinions. It appears that he believes that the court which last tried Dreyfus was influenced by evidence that was not made public. That, in the eyes of most Americans, would be scarcely less of an injustice than to find him guilty on no evidence at all.

Dr. Andrews is credited with saying, "I do not agree with the popular hue-and-cry about corruption in France and the belief that she is soon to crumble away. France is by no means on the eve of dissolution."

It is as well that these sentiments should find expression in Chicago, for displeasure with France on the score of the Dreyfus verdict seems in danger, in that and many other towns, of going to somewhat indiscriminate lengths. At the weekly meeting of the Methodist ministers of Chicago, on September 11, resolutions were adopted questioning the propriety of giving the Lafayette statue to a country wherein "an innocent man has been sacrificed in the interest of a mendacious army by a corrupt court martial." But surely American displeasure with the Dreyfus trial should not interfere with the Lafayette memorial project. That is a tribute not to the France of Dreyfus, but of Lafayette. To honor Lafayette is to honor what is best in France, and what is best in France is, and has always been, worthy of honor. We are not to forget that Frenchmen brought Dreyfus back to France and set him right in the eyes of the world, though as yet they have not secured his acquittal. We cannot condemn France in a lump without forgetting Picquart, Zola, Labori, and their associates.

WHAT is hardest for us to understand in the Dreyfus case is that thousands of highly respectable and intelligent Frenchmen are against him. That the Dreyfusites should have the riffraff of France fully represented in their party is not so surprising, for their side is an opposition and naturally attractive to lovers of mischief, but that such men as Coppée and Beaurepaire should be counted anti-Dreyfus makes us appreciate in how abnormal a state of mind the average Frenchman is.

BISHOP DOANE and Dr. Huntington of Grace Church in New York are among the twenty-two signers of a telegram of sympathy sent to Madame Dreyfus. "The trial," says the message, "has made evident the innocence and noble character of your husband, and the great public now renders to him and his children the honor for which he is still struggling in France.

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The World of Finance

THE demand from the interior, the revenue and import duties, and the rise in values in the market for securities reduced the surplus reserves of the Associated Banks of New York city to such a narrow margin that the check to the advance that followed the publication of the bank statement for the first week of this month was quite logical and not to be regretted. At this time a year ago gold imports were replenishing the coffers of the banks that had been depleted to meet the demand from the crop districts. This year, however, the situation is different, for higher money rates prevail abroad also, and the withdrawal of gold from foreign countries will not be so easy of accomplishment. Under ordinary circumstances gold can be brought here with profit when the rate for demand sterling gets down to 4.84¾—the exact import point cannot be fixed exactly, any more than the export point.

Many of the leading New York bankers say that the balances to our credit abroad have been either entirely withdrawn or drawn upon to such an extent that very little is left. We really need gold probably less than any other country of the world, while the demand for it is so great on the other side that every financial device will be employed to prevent its loss to us. There is little reason to expect immediate importations, though it is possible that later on exchange will drop to the importing point through offerings of bills drawn against exports of cotton. Among the bankers it is generally expected that the money rate for this month will rule close to 6 per cent., with occasional rates above that, while time money is expected to rule about 5 per cent. for loans from four to six months. Following precedent, it does not seem unwarranted to expect that the Street will become accustomed to higher rates, and that speculation will continue as active as before. The higher rates will be an additional safeguard against inflation and visionary schemes. Easy money assists the promoter of needless railroad enterprises, as well as the promoter of overcapitalized industrial combinations.

The decision of the Secretary of the Treasury to anticipate the time of payment of interest on the government debt, due October 1, gives some relief to the money-market, though the amount involved is only a little more than five millions of dollars.

It is not generally known that the Secretary may anticipate the payment of interest by a year, and either with or without rebate, in his discretion, so that it is possible for the holder of a government bond to obtain a full year's interest in advance of the regular date of payment.

Other influences than the scarcity of money have worked in favor of the bear element in the stock-market recently, among them being the continuation of the dispute between England and the Transvaal, which disturbed the London market, and caused operators there to sell in this market the stocks having an international market. The business doing now in such stocks between the two markets is, to be sure, mostly of an arbitrage character only; still, the opening prices here are often based on those received from London in the early morning. The facility with which this arbitrage business is carried on is astonishing, and the profits often considerable. To the ordinary mind it does not seem possible that a message can be sent to a broker in London and the answer received within two minutes. Yet that happens many times every day, and this week, in one instance, the reply was received in one minute and thirty-eight seconds.

The failure of the directors of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway Company to declare an extra dividend of 1 per cent., as it was expected that they would, furnished another argument for the bears, and disappointed many stockholders who had expected a larger distribution than the regular 2½ per cent. Indeed, in this instance it would seem that the St. Paul directors had carried conservatism too far, and that the stockholders are justly entitled to more. The company's annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30 last showed a balance from that year's operations of $5,241,485 after paying all charges, including dividends on the preferred and common stock, which, added to the balance from previous years, made a total credit balance of $12,779,871. It is possible that they thought it wiser to postpone the extra dividend until the spring, and make the disbursement 6 per cent. for the fiscal instead of the calendar year; but the pessimists were quick to interpret their decision as a proof of their distrust in the continuance of prosperous times. In the face of the bank clearances, the trade reports, and other unfailing signs of activity, it is difficult to understand how such a conclusion could have been drawn. Production will doubtless overtake and even pass demand after a while, but there are as yet no indications that this will happen in the near future, and until it does excess of caution can only result in the diminution of profits.